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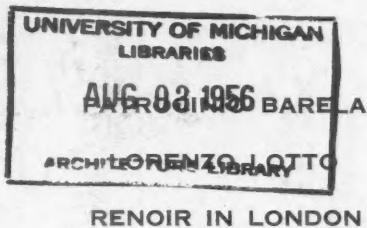
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FEATURES

ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE

THE VENICE BIENNALE

ARTS



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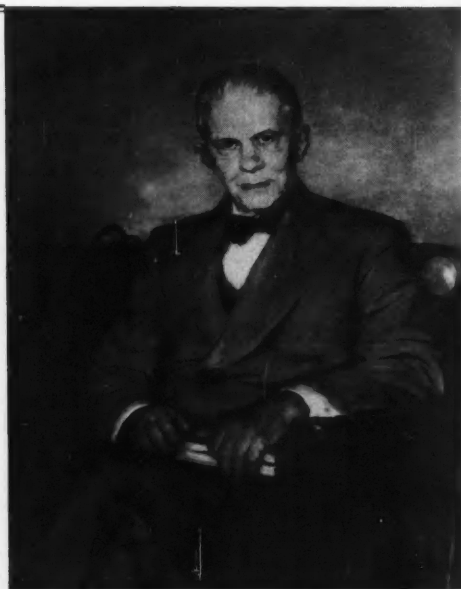
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Vol. 30, No. 11, /60 cents

AUGUST 1956

CONTRIBUTORS



The report on this year's Venice Biennale is written by **J. P. Hodin**, who received his doctor's degree after study at the Universities of Prague, Berlin, Paris, Stockholm and London. He has served on the staff of the Institute of Contemporary Arts in London and is an honorary foreign member of the Editorial Council of the *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*. Author of *The Dilemma of Being Modern* and of a monograph on Edvard

Munch, Dr. Hodin was in 1954 awarded the first prize for art criticism in an international competition organized by the Venice Biennale. He has previously contributed to *Arts Digest* (see "The Riddle of Giorgione," September 15, 1955).

Lenore G. Marshall, whose article on the American primitive sculptor *Patrocínio Barela* appears in this number, is the author of two novels and a volume of poetry, as well as numerous short stories which have appeared in various literary quarterlies. Her collection of poems, *Other Knowledge*, will be published by the Noonday Press this fall. She is at present at work on a novel to be published by Random House.

Joseph Rykwert, who writes at length about Italian architecture in this issue, is an English critic who lives in London. He contributes to a number of English and Continental publications and has recently edited the Leoni translation of Alberti's *Ten Books on Architecture*. He visited the U. S. earlier this year.

Leo Steinberg's regular column, "Month in Review," does not appear in this issue and will also be omitted from the September number. "Month in Review" will be resumed in October.

FORTHCOMING: Next month ARTS will devote an entire issue to aspects of American art. There will be important feature articles by **Sidney Geist**, **Ada Louise Huxtable**, **Leslie Katz**, **Vernon Young**, **Richard Stankiewicz** and others, as well as American paintings in color.

ON THE COVER

Three graphics by Matisse, from the current exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. From left to right: *KNEELING NUDE*, 1918, etching; *MME DEMETRIUS GALANIS*, 1914, etching; *NUDE*, 1914, monotype. See "In the Galleries," page 27, for a review of the Modern's exhibition, which covers fifty years of Matisse's intermittent work in graphics.

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LETTERS

PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCULPTURE

To the Editor:

Congratulations on your new format. The large reproductions and intelligent length articles are a welcome change from postage stamp reproductions and name listing, so common in recent publications. This writer prefers your policy—fewer profiles and memoirs with enough space to satisfy the subject. The Valadon and Pascin pieces are fine examples.

The Laughlin photographs are fine and lend much to making the June issue a handsome one. However, I believe the commentary unfortunate and impudent in that it claims for a two-dimensional, interpretive medium the credit due only the original sculpture. Photography is a creative art, but not when its material is a work of art to begin with!

Photographers have a field day with sculpture and why not? The sculptor before they ever set up their lights has created his forms in all possible changes of light, studying it from all angles and every possible level to arrive at his final solution. The only thing he has not done is take the photo. It is then a bit ironic to see under a Moore: "Here, as in most of these pictures, we are presented with phases of the sculpture which only the camera can reveal."

Those who own a piece of sculpture can enjoy the endless variety which sculpture has to offer by changing the light and level in their own living rooms; as a matter of fact they have been doing just that for centuries before the camera.

"The justification for interpreting sculpture" in photos is not that "the living, reacting mind cannot see sculpture in terms of its formal qualities alone; inevitably other factors, and associations, enter into the experience." Every individual will certainly bring his own associations, and even photos can help. But in my view good sculpture cries to be photographed because relationships are in existence which naturally intrigue good photographers. This is justification enough! After all, the sculptor not only works with the most durable of materials, but with the most ephemeral . . . light.

Charles Salerno

Staten Island, New York

PASCIN MEMOIR

To the Editor:

Congratulations for publishing the vivid memoirs of Pascin by Fanny Ganso [June].

His personality comes through and Mrs. Ganso observes keenly how this relates to his work. Pascin's art is admired throughout the world and yet officially his genius has not found the proper recognition. He was a man of great esthetic sensibility and a great human being beloved by all who knew him.

The *Portrait of Pascin* by Emil Ganso is the best likeness I ever saw of him and I am glad you published it.

For the record: In the Pascin letter from Portugal to Ganso, the Ernest mentioned is myself. Also the might-have-been tragedy at Baron's Exclusive Club in Harlem was prevented when I wrestled from Pascin the chair with which he was ready to smash the most beautiful drum I ever saw. It was a narrow escape for all of us.

Ernest Fiene

New York City

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U.S.I.A. AND ART

To the Editor:

Your editorial ["Dondero, Dallas and Defeatism," July] is excellent . . .

You may be interested to know that the U.S.I.A. has asked for a conference with me to discuss the matter. I feel that they are not really happy with their policy but that they are afraid to abandon it for fear of criticism by some of the more radical members of the Congress.

I enjoyed reading this issue of your fine magazine. It is an excellent piece of work.

J. W. Fulbright
United States Senate

To the Editor:

I am attaching a copy of the reprint [of the editorial "Dondero, Dallas and Defeatism"] from the *Congressional Record* of July 11.

I am deeply disturbed about the U.S.I.A.'s behavior in this instance and hope that our protests will have some effect. . . .

Best wishes, and congratulations on your timely statement.

Hubert H. Humphrey
United States Senate

To the Editor:

Congratulations on your fine piece "Dondero, Dallas and Defeatism" in your July issue. It is difficult to know how best to fight the negative forces without giving them fresh kindling for their fire. Your direct statement is excellently worded, and I believe you have done all interested in American culture a service in printing it as well as the statement from the American Federation of Arts.

Emlen Etting, President
Artists Equity Association

To the Editor:

I've only seen one copy of your . . . magazine—that's enough. All I can say is congrats to Dondero. It's lucky someone has the guts to attack abstract, commie, anti-religious art which your magazine is full of. If those dribbles are all American artists can produce we have no artists and they deserve to starve. At least we have people like Dondero and the U.S.I.A. to preserve this country for real Americans. Don't expect me to subscribe to your magazine.

A. Martin
Los Angeles

GUGGENHEIM, OLD AND NEW

To the Editor:

Controversy makes for interest, *n'est-ce pas?* So may I disagree somewhat with your June editorial ["The New Guggenheim Museum"]?

As for what you call a "vagary" of the Museum, I never appreciated the Cézannes and other paintings more than when I saw them exhibited *frameless* at the Guggenheim. Many old paintings, I feel, would show up better frameless, or with a narrow, modern band around them. Eventually, I believe, frames will be a superfluity of the past . . .

But I agree with you that Mr. Wright's circular ramp would be better for a World's Fair than for a permanent museum.

Let me remark that your June cover is extremely handsome.

D. C. Wyman
Boston, Massachusetts

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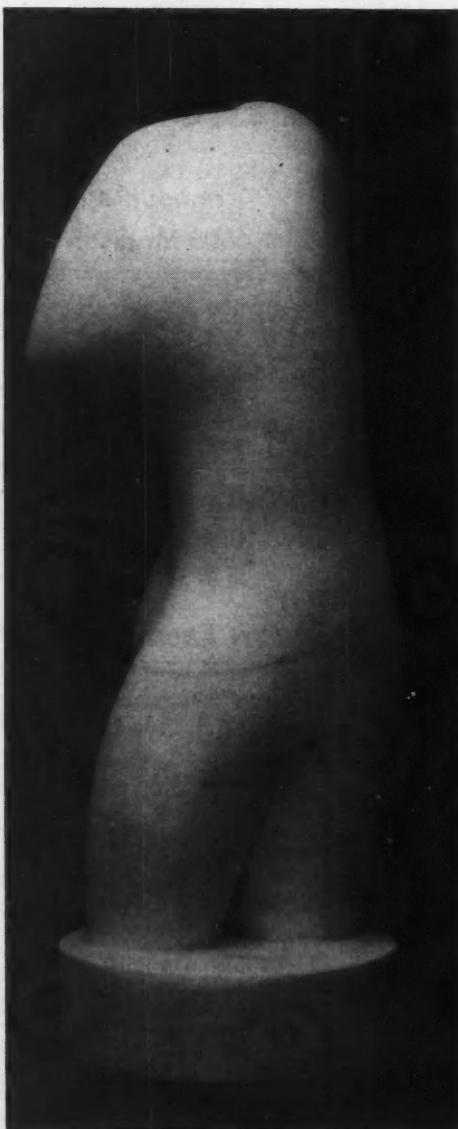
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NEW

IN NORTHAMPTON

A late masterpiece by the French sculptor **Hans Arp** has been presented to the **Smith College Museum of Art** by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph F. Colin of New York City. A large marble *Torso*, it is the most important twentieth-century work in sculpture to enter the Museum's collection as a gift in the past quarter-century of its history. Arp worked on the piece over a period of several years and completed it in 1953. It is forty-two inches high, with remarkably polished and pure surfaces and highly precise and elegant outlines. While the organic form of a woman's body is suggested, it is a form that has been radically simplified and refined.



Hans Arp: TORSO, marble.

PEOPLEN



Elizabeth Riefstahl



Martin L. Friedman

Mrs. Elizabeth Riefstahl, specialist in Egyptian art who has been associated with the **Brooklyn Museum** for nearly twenty years, will retire from her post as Assistant Curator of Ancient Art on September 30. A graduate, *summa cum laude*, of the University of Chicago, Mrs. Riefstahl taught history of art at the American College for Women at Constantinople. Married to Rudolf M. Riefstahl, noted scholar in Islamic art, in 1924, she worked and traveled with him before coming to the Brooklyn Museum. She is the author of several books and pamphlets on Egyptian art and culture.

Jane P. Powell and **Martin L. Friedman** have each been awarded a \$4,000 fellowship in the **Brooklyn Museum's** new program for the training of museum professionals, it has been announced by Edgar C. Schenck, Director of the Museum. Miss Powell will receive her M.A. degree from the Department of Fine Arts and Archeology at Columbia University this summer; Mr. Friedman is a graduate student in the history of art at the University of California at Los Angeles. The training

NEWS NO

The **Cooper Union Art School** in New York will add a fourth year to its architectural curriculum next fall. The additional year will make it possible for selected students to complete, without paying any tuition fees, all but the final year's requirements for the B.A. degree in architecture. The expansion marks the first step in a long-term plan to establish a degree-granting curriculum at Cooper Union.

Under the U. S. International Educational Exchange Program, young American artists may apply for **1957-58 Fulbright scholarships** until November 1, 1956. Opportunities for study of painting, graphic arts and sculpture are open in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, India, Italy, Japan, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Norway and the United Kingdom, and facilities for the study of industrial design are afforded in Den-

PLEN THE ARTS

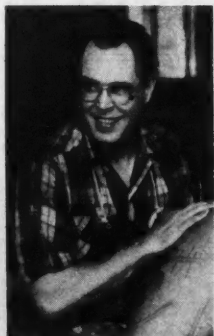
program, which begins on October 1, has been designed to prepare qualified students for museum work by giving them "on-the-job" experience in curatorial, educational and administrative aspects of museum operation.

F. Carlton Ball will join the faculty of the Fine Arts Department at the **University of Southern California** in September as a professor of ceramics. He will return to Southern California, his alma mater, from Southern Illinois University, where he has been head of ceramics instruction. Mr. Ball has also taught at Mills College, the University of Wisconsin and Indiana University.

Mme Helena Rubinstein Gourielli, art patron and collector, has underwritten the construction of a new **Pavilion of Art in Tel Aviv, Israel**, dedicated to the development of modern Israeli artists and sculptors, it has been announced by Samuel Rubin, President of the American Fund for Israel Institutions. Work on the structure, which will cost an estimated \$200,000, is expected to begin in the fall.

Jane Powell

F. Carlton Ball



WS NOTES

mark, Finland, France, Germany and Italy. Application blanks and a brochure describing the Fulbright program are available at the Institute of International Education, 1 East 67th Street, New York City, or at the Institute's regional offices in Chicago, Denver, Houston, San Francisco and Washington.

Currently on display in Belgrade is the **Museum of Modern Art's** exhibition of "Modern Art in the United States," which includes architecture, prints and photography as well as painting and sculpture. The largest assemblage of American art ever to be sent abroad, the exhibition has previously been shown in France, Switzerland, Spain, Germany, England (see Patrick Heron's review in the March ARTS), the Netherlands and Austria. At the end of its month's stay in Yugoslavia the exhibition will be returned to the United States.



Modigliani — Portrait of Mme. Zborovska, — from the collection of A. Conger Goodyear.

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SPECTRUM

Random Reactions

to the Recent Season . . .

AMERICANS remain basically prudish when it comes to nudity, and the past year has brought forth the usual indignant protests. The most dramatic incident took place in Baltimore, where the Mayor had a painting of a nude by local artist Glenn Walker removed from a city-sponsored exhibition. Seven other artists responded to the censorship by withdrawing from the show. It's hard to understand why people consider the human figure so unusual—we all have one.

WE NEVER SEEM TO SEE BROADWAY HITS until they've been running a long time. Per usual we were slow in getting to see *The Diary of Anne Frank*, one of the most sensitive and moving plays we've ever witnessed. We had expected it to be maudlin and were pleasantly surprised out of the preconceived error, for *Anne Frank* is played with warmth as well as drama. After seeing the play we were all the more baffled at the U.S. Information Agency's refusal to allow it to represent our country abroad this year. It never hurts to remind people of totalitarian brutality; but then the U.S.I.A. seems to be building its record on cowardice.

OUT ON THE WEST COAST MEMBERS OF ARTISTS EQUITY raised an interesting question when they attacked the California State Fair for requiring a "handling" fee for its art show. The Equity chapter apparently feels that such fees should insure admission to shows. Certainly it is costly for an artist to enter exhibitions, and an entrance fee adds to the burden. On the other hand, a small investment does tend to prevent beginners from flooding professional shows. Such fees also help defray the sponsors' heavy costs and cannot be completely condemned. Unless one wants government subsidization there does not appear to be any easy solution to the problem.

REPORTING THAT SALES HAVE BEEN BRISK THIS SEASON, most art dealers are optimistic for the coming year. Auction prices seemed a bit higher this year, particularly for French impressionists and Americans. Dealers continue to cry, "We can't find major works. Sources are drying up."

M.G.M. HAS COME UP WITH ANOTHER POTBOILER about eccentric artists in its *Lust for Life*, which we've just previewed. Undoubtedly the success of Hollywood's earlier glamorization of Toulouse-Lautrec motivated this farcical failure, but it will probably do well at the box office now that everyone has become an art expert. It's too bad that the movie moguls insist on hamming up the lives of great artists. Happily at least they couldn't touch up Van Gogh's original work.

EFFORTS TO CREATE A GENUINE FEDERAL ART PROGRAM finally made some headway in this session of Congress, despite opposition from the National Sculpture Society and several so-called patriotic organizations. It looks as if the sponsors, with a little more support, will be successful next year; like most good fights it has been a hard one.

AFTER READING HILTON KRAMER'S EDITORIAL on the Frank Lloyd Wright plans for the new Guggenheim Museum, a friend asked whether the pictures to be hung along the great architect's inclined plane will be parallel to the ground or parallel to the ramp. It's a nice question. As soon as the Museum opens we'll be on hand, with spirit level and protractor, to see how Maestro Sweeney has solved the problem. J.M.

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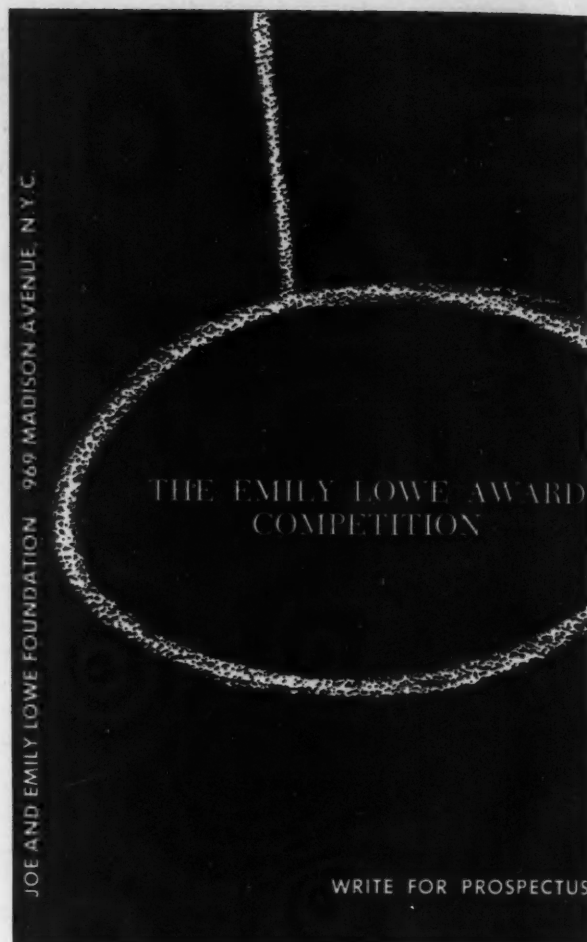
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Renoir: LA FEMME AU BOUQUET, 1907; oil on canvas, 21 1/4" by 26"; collection M. Gangnat, Paris.

LONDON

*A Marlborough showing points up
Renoir's special solution
of "sculptural-versus-pictorial" conflict.*

BY PATRICK HERON

SEEING that a Renoir show was due to crop up in London this summer the editor of ARTS asked me, well in advance, if I would write an article about this artist; rashly, I said I would. Now that the exhibition (fifty-eight paintings, at the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery in Old Bond Street) has arrived, it is time to pick up my ball-pen and try to find something to say. Yet what *can* I find in a painter so utterly remote in every way from our present interests? Here am I, thinking, feeling, seeing non-figurative images all day long; willing, but not anxious, to *write* a word or two about the tachists and the action painters—and Renoir is thrust at me! Now Monet would have been a different matter. Monet, who for years I more or less ignored, now fascinates me. The even, all-over emphasis of Monet's surface; the floating touches, ragged, vibrating, which are a precise recording of the muscular and nervous tensions of the painter's arm; the almost exclusive passion for the non-solid, the aerial—a passion, in fact, for light and space and color in the abstract. What could be nearer to our own interests?

Not, of course, that I never loved Renoir. For years I thought of him as second only to Cézanne amongst the masters of that generation. With my head I still know that this may well be his place—if one allows that Van Gogh is a genius apart, in time; a misplaced contemporary of Picasso, almost. But today it is idle for me to pretend that I am emotionally engaged by such essentially *sculptural* painting as

Renoir's. Today, as everyone except the perverse and obtuse social realists knows, we are possessed by *space in flatness*. As a matter of fact, good painting has always sought space in flatness: the essence of pictorial form, as opposed to sculptural form, is its reliance upon design *at the surface* of the canvas. The painting which seeks illusionistic three-dimensional form literally, and by means of modeling, is usually second-rate. From Piero della Francesca to Cézanne, from Poussin to Chardin, from Vermeer to Braque, the image of three-dimensional forms—or objects—situated in an illusionistic spatial scheme, has always depended upon the silhouette to communicate a rotund form. Depth and form and aerial space are communicated by means of juxtaposed flatnesses, juxtaposed planes, each parallel to the picture surface. Even where the illusion of a richly modeled sculptural form—a figure in a Rembrandt, an elm tree in a Constable—is conveyed, the means are discovered still to be planes, or facets, broken down into a minute mosaic, yet still all flatly related to the picture's actual surface plane. Tiny abstract *taches* are the actual physical reality of a Rembrandt head; and it is in the quality of the abstract dance they weave on the canvas that their great vitality resides—and not, as so many English critics believe, in the humanity of Rembrandt's emotion or his psychological sympathy with his sitters. Such insight into human nature as Rembrandt possessed, such warmth and love, did not of themselves confer supreme greatness upon him as a painter. For this he relied upon an intuitive gift for formal abstraction. Millions of human beings have equaled Rembrandt's love of Rembrandt's subjects, but only Rembrandt has woven those ochre meshes of amazing pigment in which opaque and transparent, dusky and luminous, hard and soft facets are all counterpoised, locked in a precise balance.

To think of Renoir as a sort of modern Rembrandt is not altogether beside the point. Both shared an immense warmth of sympathy for the human animal. Rembrandt contemplated the wrinkled apple of age, masculine old age. Renoir caressed the gorgeous peach of feminine youth and girlhood. Both were sculptural geniuses, slightly more in love with the isolated human form, that each tended to place centrally on the canvas, than with the total design of the picture. It is for this reason that neither can be said to be alive in our minds as a creative force at present—as Cézanne, Van Gogh and, now, Monet are. Yet both were gigantic masters; no element of pictorial expression was wholly lacking, therefore, in their works. Even that sense of a balanced grid of stresses and accents, evenly extending from top to bottom and corner to corner of a canvas—even this is present. Renoir never fails to activate the empty corners of a picture by some means or other—often the mere abstract weaving of his brushstrokes suffices to distribute a vibrant, rhythmic pattern into areas which are otherwise merely the background of a single, centrally placed figure. Take *Jean Renoir dessinant*, 1901, for example, which is included in this exhibition. (The exhibition, incidentally, is in aid of the Renoir Foundation, which is an international organization founded "with the object of raising funds for the acquisition of Renoir's house and garden at Cagnes-sur-Mer." Thirty-two million francs are needed for this.) The marvelous organization of rotundities—fingers, cheeks, lips, and the softly bulging locks of the boy's fringe—concentrates movement in the hole under the boy's chin, which is nearly the center of the canvas. Thus the forms of hands and face curl outwards, centrifugally, like the petals of a rose from this point. The dark mop of hair, above this "rose" of pinks and creams, is also like a flower—a large, loose, dark peony, with its center at the visible crown of Jean's head. Everything flies out centrifugally from the center—the dark hole under the boy's chin. Even his arms seem like dangerously symmetrical wings attached, one on either side, to the central pivot under the chin. Yet that threat of symmetry is averted; the arm on our left is a triangular mass three times the size—as a shape on the picture *surface*—of the one on our right. The whole large *diamond* of the boy's head, shoulders and arms is anchored and adjusted to the four sides of the canvas by the device of the two parallel horizontal edges of

the table-top which run right across the bottom of the canvas. This, however, would still have left us with an arbitrary background to the figure. That is to say, the shape made by the wall behind Jean Renoir is a negative shape. If one cut out the figure and chair, the shape made by the top part of the picture would be utterly insignificant. This is something we would never find in Cézanne, for whom every part of a composition was a positive form. Yet this "left-over" shape (i.e., the background wall in this Renoir) is worked into unity with the rest of the picture by the rhythmic brushstrokes of the handling.

Unity in Renoir is therefore sometimes textural, not structural. Again and again he fills a corner area with variegated smudges which float in front of the thing (a curtain; a meadow; the sky) that (according to the picture's figurative logic) that part of the design ought to be describing. There is, in fact, an ambiguity in Renoir's descriptiveness: the mysterious ambiguity of great painting. The spatial reality of the girl's arm, her breasts, the flowers she fingers, the folds of curtain behind her head, is always intensely felt and communicated. But, at the same time, the flowing, flame-like whorls of the design; the streaky, half-mixed paint mixtures (like strawberries and cream that are only half mashed, so that white and red still exist independently in strands in the surrounding sea of *pink*); the miraculous instances where very thin, smoothly painted passages merge into areas of thick pigment roughly churned this way and that by a series of lightning-quick jabs of the silky brush—all these communicate something quite other than the subject of the picture, something I would call the life of pictorial form. Renoir may, as I said, be concerned with a sculptural, centrally placed image of a ravishing young girl lying on a bed, the wave-like folds of the silks of that bed's drapery lapping her limbs like shallow waters at the sea's edge. Nevertheless he *strokes* his forms with brushstrokes which seem somehow to model those so firm and rounded limbs *into* the design that surrounds them on the canvas. The wave-like drapery and the wave-like breasts give rise to wave-like brushwriting; a unity of wave-like, flame-like brushscribbles binds the picture into a miraculous unit. But it is, as I say, a textural unity; not primarily a unity obtained by the way he has arranged the solid forms of his subjects.

This sweeping-together of his forms is seen in another exquisite picture (forerunner of many Matisse's) in this exhibition, *La Femme au bouquet*, 1907. Here the stroking of the brush along the extended hand and forearm, by which Renoir models that arm, does three things in addition to creating that seductive limb: it turns it into a cylinder which vibrates into a soft haze of color along the edges; it pulls the hand back a little towards the picture surface—a little nearer to us than it should have been by rights (and according to the logic of its drawing); and it enables the arm-form to dissolve and flow out (through the fingers of the hand) into the tossing sea of foamy flowers at one end, and into the larger, broader rhythms of the sleeve at the other. Bonnard, a giant also, in my view would have subjected a pronounced rotund form like this arm to a flattening process. The side of the arm-cylinder which faces us would have been flattened, and this flat frontal plane would have then been easily wedged, as a formal unit, to other flattened lozenge forms in the picture. The greatness of Renoir lies in a solution of the sculptural-versus-pictorial tussle which allows the utmost monumentality to his three-dimensional forms (breasts, flowers, hills, heads) while maintaining a surface unity as tight and strong as that of a tapestry. Indeed he was the last painter to achieve precisely this balance between, virtually, the illusionistic and the abstract. Bonnard already had moved further towards the abstract, until, in his last phase, he was almost as abstract as those far younger men whose main inspiration he very likely provided: Manessier, Estréve, Bissière and others. Only the pseudo-classical Picasso nudes of the early twenties and the earlier Derain seem to have attempted, with any success, to emulate the monumental volumes of a Renoir nude. Derain certainly owed a great deal to Renoir—and at his best Derain was a great painter, I have always thought—though this is an unpopular opinion today.



THE VENICE BIENNALE

*Representing thirty-four countries,
the largest exhibition in Biennale history
gives an emphatic role to sculpture.*

BY J. P. HODIN

*Il faut être de son temps.
—Honoré Daumier*

THE gentle sounds of the Canal Grande are still in my ears, the Palladio architecture of the Isola di S. Giorgio, the baroque jewel of Santa Maria della Salute, the Ca' d'Oro still linger in my mind—and so do the words of a high-spirited art historian: "Now off from the Biennale to the Eternale." There was, of course, more than a grain of mockery in the remark, the self-assured certainty of the man who administers the eternal values stored in the Academia, in the Palazzo Ducale in the Scuola di S. Rocco. But I find that from the works of this year's Biennale some will indeed enter the realm of the timeless, and it seems to me that for a critic it is a far more difficult, responsible and even brave task to assess, if it is possible, the lasting values of the present time than for an art historian to prove the genuineness of a Giorgione or a Pordenone—to recognize the greatness of a living master and not to wait for his death to enter his work in the register of values; to appreciate life, not only its reflection in historic perspective.

Before embarking on a general description and the search for a possible common denominator of this, the twenty-eighth Biennale, let us consider a few statistical data. Apart from the Italians who in their Palazzo Centrale house in some fifty rooms a nation-wide show of Italian art, thirty-four countries were participating at Venice, with Japan, Venezuela and Finland in their own new pavilions and the U.S.S.R. officially taking part for the first time since 1945 at an exhibition of contemporary art in Western Europe. The satellite countries were fully represented: Poland, Roumania, Finland, Czechoslovakia, with Yugoslavia and Viet-Nam and the one-man show of Chi Pai-Shih, a contemporary Chinese painter from Hsiang-tan, on their periphery. Of the participating nations twenty-one have their own pavilions, the rest exhibiting as guests in special rooms reserved for them in the Italian Central Palace. The figure of thirty-four is by far the largest in the history of the Biennale exhibitions. From this we might learn that the significance of an international exchange of cultural values has been fully recognized by most nations. It is all the more deplorable that wealthy countries such as Sweden, Australia, Mexico do not consider it worth while to be represented, and it is definitely a loss to the visual experience of many a visitor that no work of the outstanding modern production of Norway was shown this year. Of the Far-Eastern countries, apart from Japan and Viet-Nam, India and Ceylon were present; from the Near East, Turkey, Iran, Israel and Egypt; from the Americas, the United States and Canada, Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay and Venezuela.

The official prizes awarded in Venice are of two categories, international and Italian. The international prize for painting, 1,500,000 lire, went to the Frenchman Jacques Villon (b. 1875); the international prize for sculpture, 1,500,000 lire, to the Englishman Lynn Chadwick (b. 1914). The international

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Emilio Greco, Italy: BATHER; bronze.



Jacques Villon, France: THE BEAUGCENCY BRIDGE; 1944, oil on canvas.



*Jan Brazda, Sweden:
STAINED GLASS WINDOW; 1956.*



*Afro, Italy:
SEASON IN THE WEST;
1956, oil on canvas;
courtesy Catherine Viviano Gallery,
New York.*



Above **Demetrio Galanis**, Greece: GLASS AND PIPE; etching.

Left above, **Eugene Delacroix**, France: ALGERIAN WOMEN; 1834, oil on canvas.

Left below, **Rik Wouters**, Belgium: SUMMER AFTERNOON IN AMSTERDAM; 1915, oil on canvas.

THE VENICE BIENNALE *continued*

prize for drawing, 250,000 lire, to the Brazilian Aldemir Martins (b. 1922), and the international prize for engraving to the Japanese Munakata (b. 1905). The Italian prizes were: in painting, 1,300,000 lire, to Afro (b. 1912); in sculpture, 1,300,000 lire, to Emilio Greco (b. 1913). There were other awards too, among them acquisition prizes amounting to 7,430,000 lire, plus an Italian prize for drawing and one for engraving, of 200,000 lire each. Most of the prizes are actually given for the merits of the works exhibited, although the prize for Villon is to be considered as an "historic" recognition of an outstanding contribution to the modern movement. Paris can always produce a name in Venice which for many years will command recognition from even the best young artists because of the glory the historic achievement has acquired. There should in fact be two officially recognized categories of prizes, historic ones and purely meritorious ones—with additional laureate prizes, Italian and foreign, for deceased contemporary masters such as the German Emil Nolde who died in the midst of the preparations for the Biennale exhibition, or the Finnish painter Helene Shjerfbeck (1862-1946), or the Italian painters Filippo de Pisis (1896-1956) and Arturo Tosi (1871-1956).

This year's Biennale was a Biennale of sculpture. The first to enter the arena for the international prize was Giacomo Manzù (b. 1908), the most highly respected Italian sculptor after Marino Marini. Already some years ago he was awarded the Italian prize, and, like Marini's in 1952, his was a fine room in the Italian Palazzo Centrale, displaying fourteen life-size bronzes of which the most exquisite were the *Cardinal* (1953), from Middleheim Park near Antwerp, and the *Bambina sulla sedia* (1955). There was Alberto Giacometti (b.

1901), with a good international name, but represented only by four bronzes and four plaster maquettes, most of his recent work being shown at a large-scale exhibition in Berne. There was the young Cesar Baldaccini (b. 1921), known in Paris as César, with his iron insects and organic shapes; there were sixteen sculptors in the Padiglione Scultori Italiani and eight one-man shows of Italian sculptors in the Central pavilion. There were the seventeen non-figurative sculptors of the Swiss pavilion, the German Bernhard Heiliger, six Austrian and two Japanese sculptors, the fine Dutch constructivist Constant Nieuwenhuys, the Yugoslav Vojin Bakic, the Belgian Rik Wouters, the Canadian Archambault and, last but not least, the fine retrospective exhibition of Pablo Gargallo in the Spanish pavilion. From the beginning it was obvious that the work of Chadwick attracted the greatest attention. With his nineteen iron sculptures and twenty drawings, all produced between 1951 and 1956, his was the complete and surprising victory of a young "outsider," and of the taste of the new "iron age" against the more classically minded line of Manzù. Manzù however is acknowledgedly a very fine sculptor, and his will certainly be the triumph at one of the future Biennales. For the moment, though, Emilio Greco was the Italian who won all hearts for his steadfast development in a personal style, both refined and masterly in execution, which for some years already has placed his name beside those of Marini and Manzù. His portraits are the best in the Biennale, his standing *Bather* one of the finest figures made in Italy during the last decade.

Villon's art does not need any introduction. His retrospective Venice show with works from 1911 to 1955 earned the initiator of the Paris Section d'Or group the ultimate satis-

THE VENICE BIENNALE *continued*

faction of an international success. In his *oeuvre*, serenity and discretion are wedded to an elaborate constructive conception in which nature is transformed into a vision of high personal integrity. Ivon Hitchens' work, which represents English painting in Venice, shows a similarity to that of Jacques Villon. Villon is a late product of the cubist movement whose slow development was drowned in the fanfares of abstract art. Hitchens too belongs to an "in-between" generation; his painting stands between the fauvist rendering of space and color and a thorough abstract conception of perceptual and compositional elements.

Afro's is by far the finest selection of Italian abstract paintings at the Biennale. Although there are other good works tending, more or less, towards tachism and action painting (Vedova, Moreni, Corpora, Galvano, Meloni, Morlotti), Afro's achievement is quite unique because of its sensibility. As he himself so beautifully said, "I do not avoid the words 'dream' or 'emotion' or 'lyric,' all three rejected at present by those who go in for intellectual clarity and awareness of expressive means in contemporary painting. . . . I want the sensations of things, the symbols of reality to regain the warmth of a forgotten sentiment within the certainty of pure form. I think painting is getting ready to break away from its exclusive and closely guarded function of instrumental music; it is reaching for new modulations and tones that presage the entrance of the human voice raised in song."

In Munakata the old fine tradition of the graphic arts in Japan has found a congenial contemporary interpreter. But his xylographic compositions, however exquisite they may be, cannot, to my mind, match the varied and high-standard graphic quality of the Greek Demetrio Galanis (b. 1882), who with his 126 works offers the finest graphic show at the Biennale. Of Aldemir Martins' work nothing new can be said; he has already received a prize at the third Bienal exhibition of São Paulo.

It was a strange coincidence that a Delacroix show (forty-four paintings, fifteen watercolors and seventeen drawings) in the Sala Napoleonica at S. Marco took place while Giorgio de Chirico was present at this year's Biennale with a retrospective show of his work. The Italian master who has cultivated a grudge against the modern development is now producing works of a pseudo-Delacroix romanticism which is of no interest and only discredits his famous achievements. The few early paintings shown here are certainly some of the worst of his production; they look rather like imitations of his own work. If one wishes to see really good examples of early De Chiricos, one has to look for them in Peggy Guggenheim's collection, which is remarkable in many respects.

The historians of modern art are in doubt whether the modern movement starts with Courbet or with Delacroix. Although some impressionists may have learned the divisionist principle from Delacroix, it is for Courbet that the decision has to fall; his is already a basically modern approach to life and art. The evolution of modern art is documented by a number of exhibitions at Venice: in cubism, the collection of Juan Gris's paintings, well organized by Henri Kahnweiler; in neo-plasticism, a retrospective exhibition of Piet Mondrian, the finest one-man show of the Biennale and, thanks to the taste of W. J. H. B. Sandberg, the most exquisite selection of his work ever assembled; and in expressionism, the large retrospective of Emil Nolde, selected by Professor E. Hanfstaengl. Italy honored Tosi and De Pisis with retrospective shows of which the latter in particular will attract the foreign visitor; De Pisis' personal style, his nervous handwriting, his sketchy linear way of coloring—all will secure him a deserved place in the modern Parnassus. The Finns, in their new pavilion ingeniously built by Alvar Aalto, present their finest painter, Helene Shjerfbeck, whose simplification goes back to Toulouse-Lautrec but whose lyricism is typical of the North. Here is a musical conception near to Sibelius' melancholic loneliness, less convincing in her figures, moving however in her still lifes. Strangely enough, too, there is a distinct Nordic sound, reminiscent of Munch and Sørensen, in the oils of Rik Wouters, the Belgian master who was as fine a painter as he

was a sculptor.

One of the best shows is that of the Americans. Although stylistically as diverse as the extremes of magic realism and action painting can be, it possesses a unity imposed by the theme: "American Artists Paint the City." Chosen by the Art Institute of Chicago, these forty-six pictures by thirty-five artists give an adequate idea of the quality in American painting. Edward Hopper's *Early Sunday Morning* (1930) is as supreme an example of American art as is Jackson Pollock's *Convergence* (1952), the finest action painting in Venice, Ben Shahn's *Ave* (1950), *The Subway* by George Tooker (1950), Mark Tobey's delicate *City Radiance* (1944) and *San Francisco Street* (1941). [Editor's note: See the June number of ARTS for an illustrated account of the United States exhibition at Venice.]

Let us now turn to Eastern Europe. The Russian pavilion leaves one with a cozy feeling of Victorian timelessness. Filled with the works of three generations of cautious academic painters and sculptors, it makes one suddenly realize what an *avant-garde* institution the Royal Academy of Arts in London actually is. According to plan, the satellite countries avoided all social realism, leaving the red banners and partisan pictures to their communist Italian colleagues under the leadership of Renato Guttuso.

The Biennale however should in no way be looked upon as a battlefield of abstract and realist. The prizes show quite fairly that it is the quality which decides and that this quality is not in the realist camp, even with the inclusion of Bernard Buffet. The Poles show a pale and hesitating imitation of fauvist Paris, the Yugoslavs work in the taste of Casorati, Campigli and Arp. In Czechoslovakia the painters have died out, one would suppose. What a mistake to show only book illustrators, of whom Lada has already been shown in Venice. A one-man show of a fine master such as Navrátil or Purkyně would have been more effective. As for Emil Filla, the leader of the modern movement in Prague, his name seems to have been buried in political oblivion. There is, however, a good expatriate Czech painter, Jan Brazda, who was given an opportunity by the municipality of Venice to show his stained-glass windows in the Istituto Veneto per il Lavoro at the Piazza S. Marco at the time of the Biennale. Not only is the technique remarkable (a revival of the romanesque color technique before it degenerated in late gothic times), but the compositions themselves with their architectural elements are most impressive. We could similarly ask the Danes to show us an exhibition of Vilhelm Hammershøj.

The Spanish painters taken altogether give the picture of a vital development; the abstract surrealism of the Belgian Jan Cox, the sensitive abstract imagery of the Canadian Harold Town, the magic world of the Irishman Louis le Brocq, Joseph Kutter's (Luxembourg) late Carl Hofer-expressionism, Graziano's (Venezuela) dignified architectural forms, the paintings of the Italian Fausto Pirandello, personal and inventive—all are distinguished by high quality and genuineness of artistic experience.

There is no space, however, to go into more detail. If there is something to be added on the score of a general attitude menacing the arts in the free countries, one would like to warn the artists against their tendency towards a highly driven specialization which limits them to exploiting a very narrow field of vision through restricted elements and restricted color schemes, with the aim of achieving a personalist "trade-mark," as it were, rather than a genuinely free expansion of their personalities. Art-dealing interests may have their influence on this deplorable development; yet unless the artists learn from Picasso how to stop their blue or pink or Negro periods, they will not have learned enough. This is as true of Buffet as it is of the tachist movement—which under such circumstances reveals itself as the opposite of an art of inner necessity, and the art rather of a cold speculation in which chance, more or less controlled, takes the place of real talent. Yet how satisfying it is to note that there does exist in the realm of the arts, as in science, psychology and literature, a truly modern Euro-American culture.

REFLECTIONS ON ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE



Piazza San Marco, Venice. All photographs by G. E. Kidder Smith, unless otherwise noted.

*Modern building and the achievements
of the past viewed
in the context of Italian civilization*

BY JOSEPH RYKWERT

CIVILTA is the most accurate Italian translation of our word "culture"—because in Italy all the amenities of life are inextricably tied to the notion of *civis*, a town. It was in the towns, in Florence, Bologna, Milan, Venice, Siena, even in Turin and Naples—not only in the frequently sacked city of Rome—that civilization in some measure survived and was transformed during the recurring invasions of the Dark and Middle Ages. It was in the towns again that the first bankers, often using the surrounding country as security, started the trading ventures on which later Italian prosperity was based; the towns, with their political independence, kept the balance between Pope and Emperor south of the Alps. This independence thwarted all attempts—but the last—to unite Italy; and it was in the towns that all important political or religious movements originated.

ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE *continued*

Italian culture then, Italian civilization are basically bourgeois. In Anglo-Saxon countries, where power and patronage have practically always been in the hands of the landed, a single city has drawn all the country's forces, and the intellectual—as soon as he reaches financial stability—moves to the country; such a state of affairs is not easily appreciated. But in Italy a town, as the great fifteenth-century architect Alberti put it, is thought of as a great house. By analogy, so he went on, a house is a miniature town. Both must be walked through, paced out, to be appreciated: a sequence of passages and rooms, a sequence of streets and squares opening into each other. Contrived or having grown by accretion, sharply contrasting in shape or evenly modulated, they have this in common: that the visitor is expected to take pleasure in the act of walking, in meeting his fellows—in casual strolling, in casual contact, the forming of groups which will break up and reconstitute themselves in a different shape elsewhere.

Walk down some very public street in New York or London with this in mind and you will see how insistent and destructive the movement of a metropolis can be. The town in Anglo-Saxon countries is not planned for the pedestrian, but for the motor car—this is worth saying again, though it is a commonplace. Examine a plan of London and you will see how any open space which could be used for assembly is surrounded by motorways and planted with grass. And if, as in the case of Trafalgar Square, you should find a sizable paved space, two fountains so large that they quite destroy the scale are placed in it to make it feel extremely uncomfortable. The gridiron of New York does not even allow of such incidents as Trafalgar Square however, and the same is true of many other American towns. The focal point of New York, Rockefeller Plaza, is even less inviting than Trafalgar Square, with the row of fountains and flower beds leading the visitor to a sunken ice rink at the core. Town-planners and architects had not realized until recently how much is lost by our neglect of the pedestrian—and have turned to ancient towns, the

products of an unregenerate pre-motor-car way of life, for a lesson. To a European, indeed to any Westerner, this is almost bound to mean Italy, the country which has made the greatest single contribution to Western plastic art.

If it is architecture that he goes to see, however, the serious visitor to Italy should not limit himself to the historic achievements; he will also know that since the war Italian architects have assumed world primacy. This has happened quietly and gradually, largely because there has been no single dominating figure. The leadership of the older international masters, Gropius and Le Corbusier in particular, has been acknowledged as long as there has been a modern movement in Italy. It is the work of the generation following these masters, architects now between thirty and fifty, which is in question.

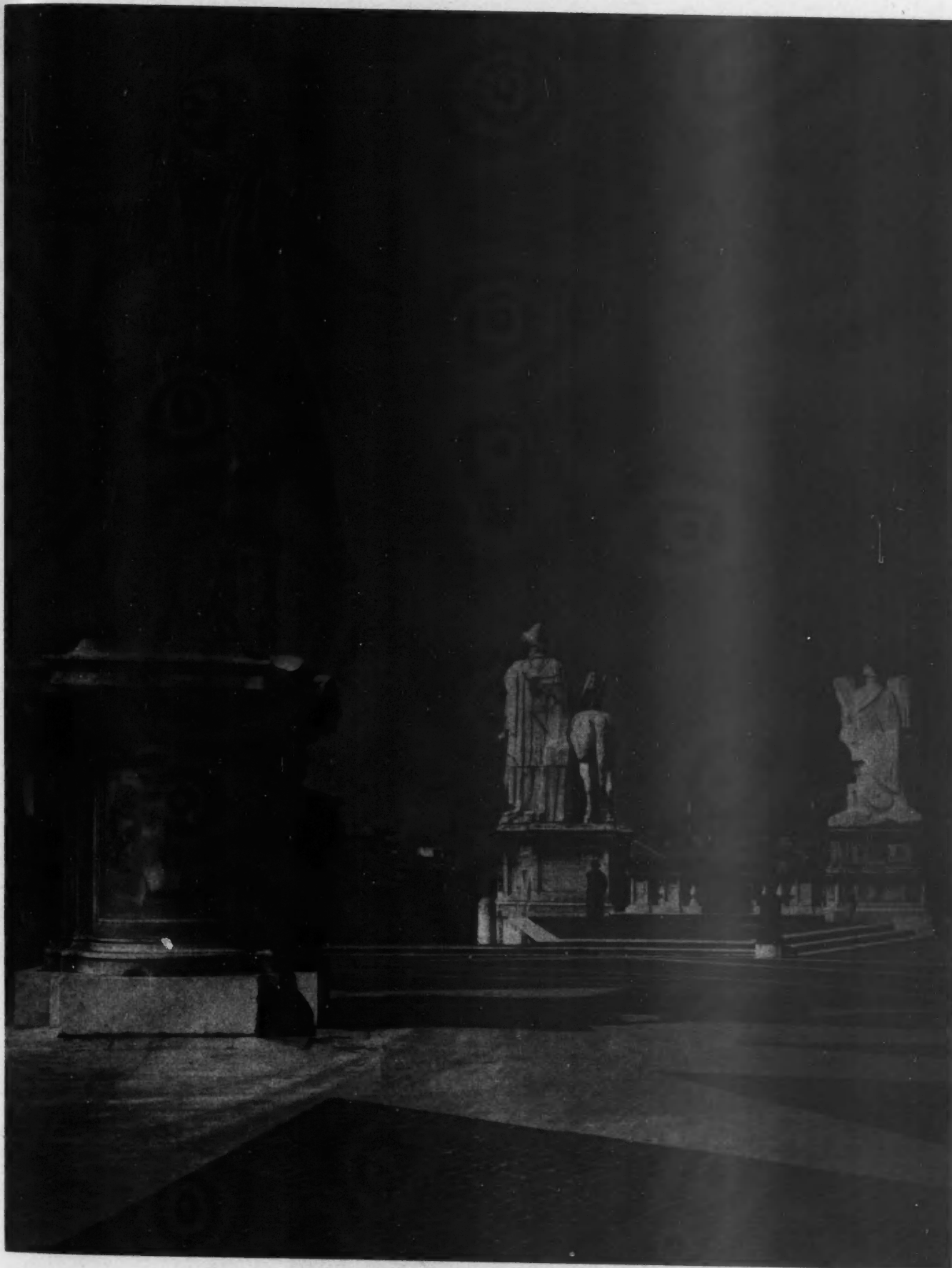
MR. G. E. KIDDER SMITH, a distinguished photographer and writer about architecture, has set out to deal with both the historic and the present achievement in his latest book, *Italy Builds*.^{*} The historical half of it centers round an appraisal of twelve Italian squares. Of these only one, the Piazza del Popolo in Rome, was designed especially for vehicular traffic. The others were intended primarily—whether traffic was allowed through them or not—for the use of the pedestrian. Throughout his reporting of these squares, throughout the book in fact, Mr. Smith's observation is extremely sensitive visually; but his eye is glued too firmly to the frame of his reflex camera, composing, watching the shadows play, watching the clouds, through a colored filter. Where he fails the reader is in not showing him how each one of these dozen squares has individuality not only by virtue of its shape, but also through the different ways in which it is used. St. Peter's Square, for instance, could have been shown during a Papal

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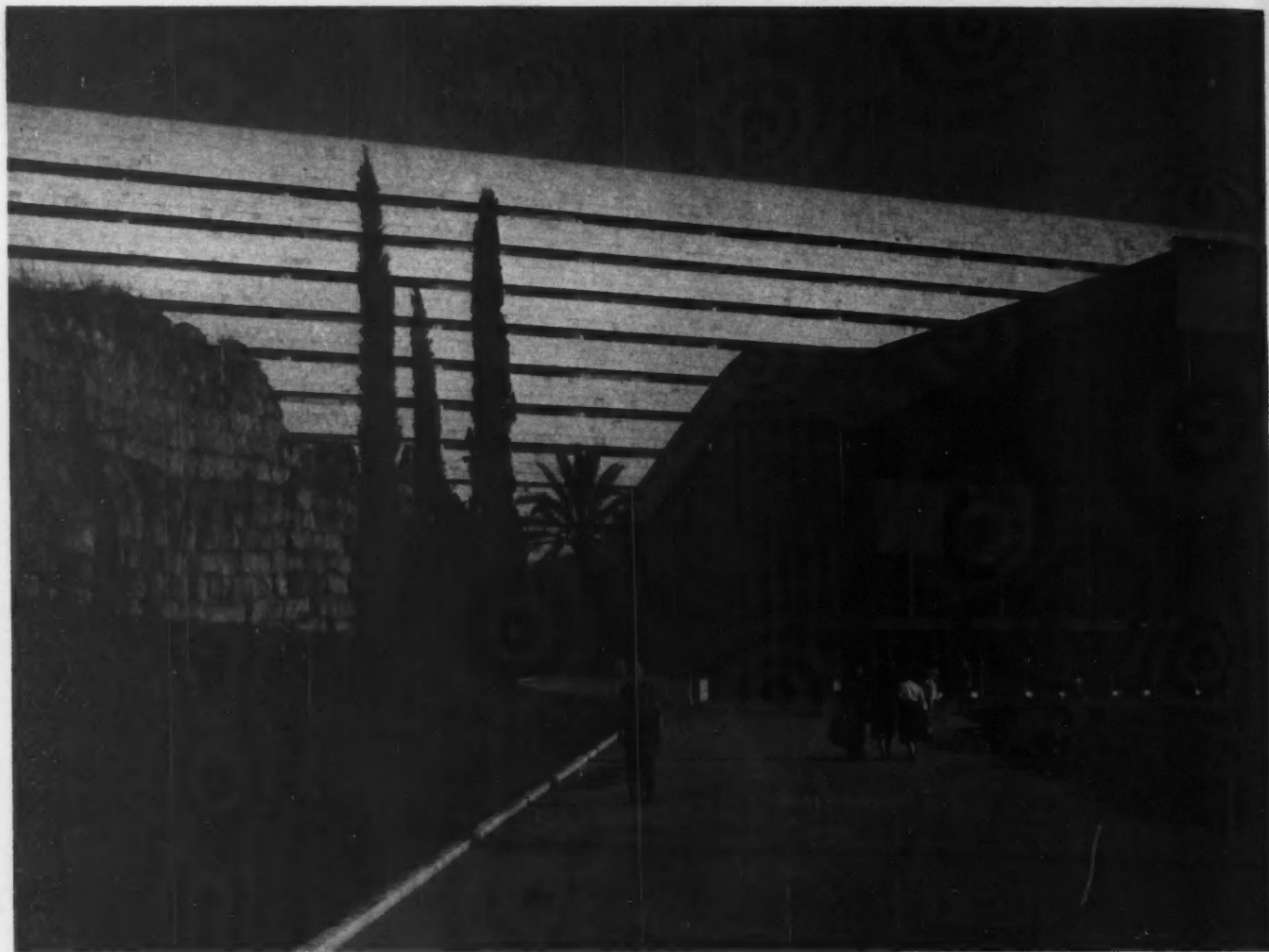
^{*}*Italy Builds* by G. E. Kidder Smith. Introduction by Ernesto N. Rogers. Text in English and Italian. Photographs by the author. Reinhold. \$10.00.

Piazza del Popolo, Rome.





The Campidoglio, Rome.



*Above: **Termini Station**, Rome; by Montuori and Calini, with Castellazzi, Fadigati, Vitellozzi and Pintonello.*

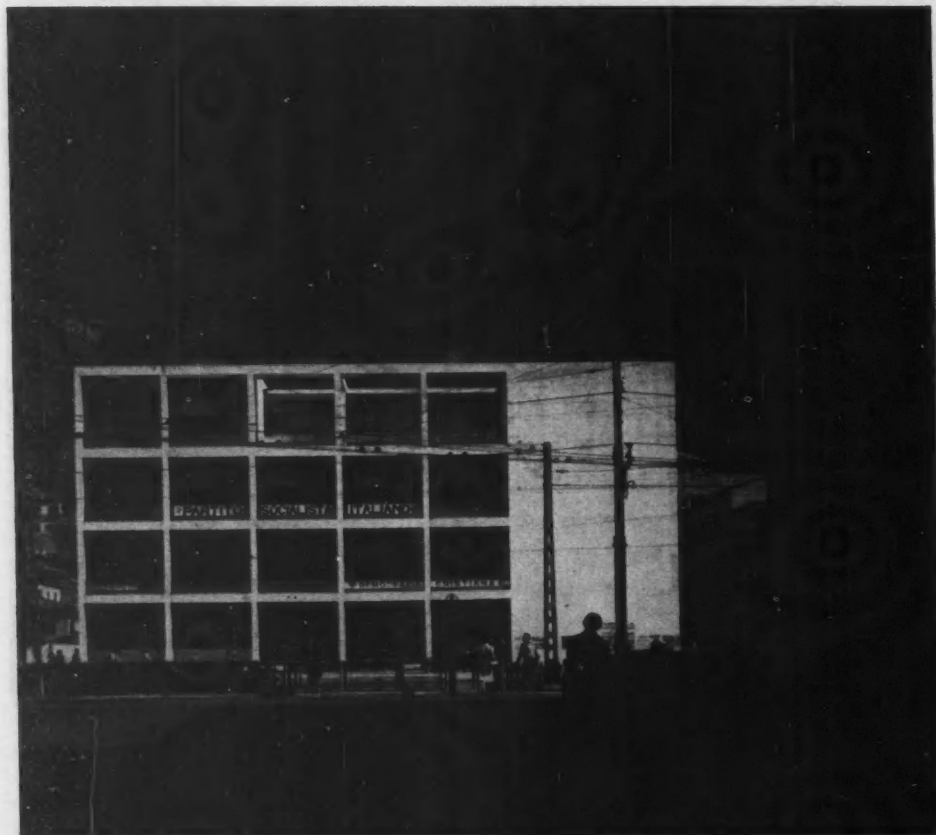
*Left: **Casa del Popolo**, Como; by Terragni.*

*Right above: **New Town**, La Martella, Matera; by Quaroni.*

courtesy Architectural Press Ltd.

*Right below: **1933 Triennale House**, Milan; by Figini and Pollini.*

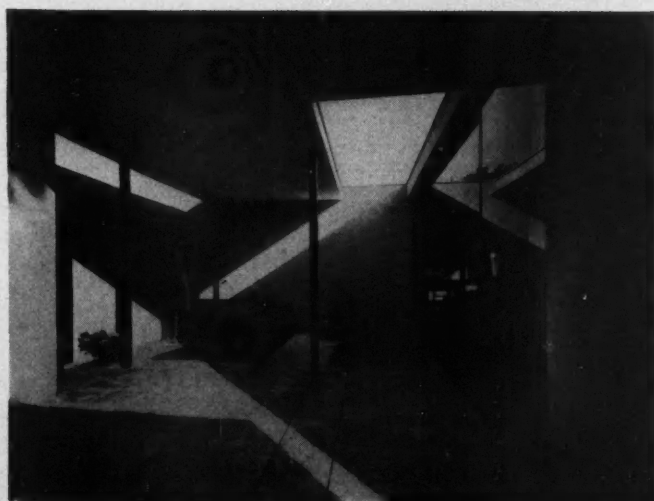
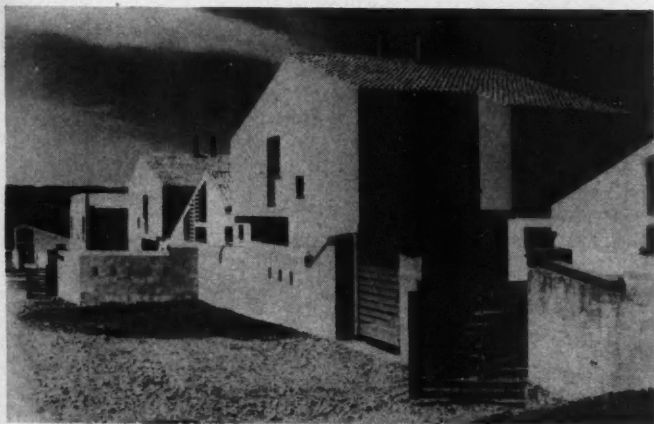
courtesy Architectural Press Ltd.



ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE *continued*

blessing, and the Bernini colonnades with motor scooters driving through them; the Campo in Siena during the June horse races, the famous Palio, or on a sunny day, empty except for a group of gossips in the shadow of the tower, moving across it like a live sundial. He might have shown the passage of a procession over the ramps at Assisi, or a political meeting in the Piazza San Marco in Venice. All these would have detracted from the superficial glamour of the buildings perhaps, but then there is so much glamour in Mr. Smith's Italy!

If there is too much glamour, there are not enough elevators, and the plumbing is rotten; that seems to be the burden of his social criticism. He is right to insist, of course; the social problems which Italian architects have to face are very pressing. But they cannot be summed up in terms of mechanical amenities. Not that they should be underestimated. But one objects when the mechanics are treated at the level of formal language. There is after all an ethic of form. Architects are people who must consider social problems in formal terms; and in Italy particularly the concern with architecture as a language and as a social influence by virtue of its formal qualities is particularly strong. It is here that Mr. Smith fails us most seriously as a guide. He has chosen to skim, to make artistic "discoveries" (the "greatness" of Pier Luigi Nervi, a very good engineer, is one, the fine qualities of the bombastic and falsely sentimental war cemetery at Repuglia another), instead of entering into the problem, of prying, of reading between lines and—what is most important—thinking. Having failed in the first part to show us a way of life incarnated in the shapes with which we are presented, it follows naturally that he is not able to read all the complexity of moral and social preoccupations which are such an important factor in the formation of Italian architecture in this generation; this failure it is which makes him an "academic" writer in the derogatory sense of the term.



It is the academic in him which makes Mr. Smith fail so deplorably in his comment on the sometimes excellent photographs of peasant building—what is now called "spontaneous architecture" in Italy—with which his book opens. These rural buildings have become a great inspiration to the more advanced architects in Italy in recent years, and have prompted a good deal of study. But the motive for it has not been purely formal; it is prompted more by the encroachment of mechanization and officially sponsored rehousing on the countryside. At the same time many architects have grown very much aware of another way of life, a proud and self-sufficient one—in the caves of Matera in Southern Italy, which have been inhabited more or less continuously since the Stone Age, and which still shelter some 25,000 people.

At first this interest in peasant tradition had a different motive. It all started in the 1920's when the struggling modern movement was attacked in the name of "Roman" and "Italian" tradition by the *pompier* architects and critics who were the spokesmen of the fascist regime. Then it was an appeal away from the columns and axialities of official patronage to a "Mediterranean" tradition and the rational, informal qualities which it represented. The movement had started with modest postulates, without the iconoclasm and strident invective of the futurists. The beginnings, in 1926-27, were extremely tentative. The initiators were seven young architects, recent graduates, in their early twenties. They had made themselves familiar with the work of Gropius and Le Corbusier, they knew of the Bauhaus—the first Bauhaus book had appeared in 1925—and it was from that quarter that they expected and received encouragement. But two other influences they acknowledged, and these were perhaps even more radical: that of the Dutch painter, designer and critic Van Doesburg, and that of the Russian suprematists.

The first major building of the movement, a block of flats called "Novocomum" (and nicknamed "the steamship" by locals) in Como, by Giuseppe Terragni (1904-1943), the most talented individual member of the group, has all the formal energy and contrapuntal clarity of a Russian suprematist design. But the characteristics now particularly associated with Terragni also appear: the mineral disregard of the building for its environment, whether rural or urban; the forthright treatment of the fenestration and with it the utter refusal to deal with the plainest rectangular elevation as a façade with a face value of its own. The buildings which follow Novocomum, the fascist party headquarters (now "Casa del Popolo") and infants' school in Como, some private houses, a shop and three important blocks of flats—two in Milan and the third, Terragni's last, in Como again—cover barely ten years, a very short development for an architect. Terragni died of a head wound received at the Russian front in 1943, having during the last year of his life violently abjured his previous political associations with the fascist party.

Besides Terragni, two other members of the original group of seven have achieved a stable international reputation: Figini and Pollini, still among the half-dozen best Italian architects, and represented in Mr. Smith's book by five buildings. Another member of the group, Adalberto Libera, has emerged from a long period of comparative obscurity very recently. The brilliant housing scheme which he has built near Rome was probably completed too late for inclusion in this book. The other four members have not retained their early leadership. The group, in any case, had not remained in isolation for long. They were soon joined by Giuseppe Pagano, who was to be killed by the Germans in 1944, and Eduardo Persico, who died very young in 1936.

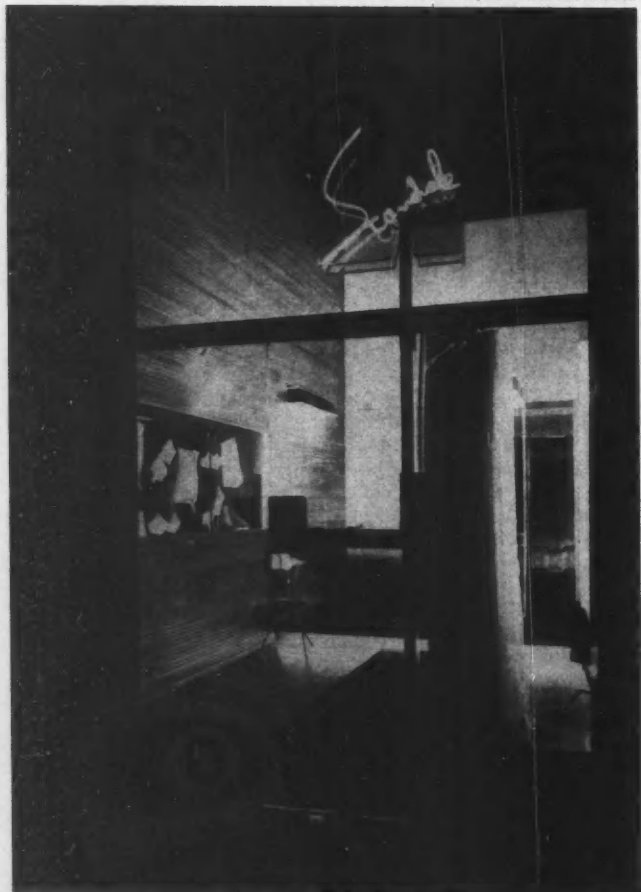
These two men, entirely different in make-up and background, collaborated very closely for many years. Pagano was forthright, even violent. An early member of the fascist party, he did not hesitate to use his political respectability to further the cause of modern architecture, even if it meant the preferring of somebody else's work to his own, or protecting companions suffering from ideological troubles. His buildings and writing—he was a very active designer—were very much of a



U.S.A. Pavilion,
9th Triennale, Milan;
by Belgioioso, Peressutti
& Rogers.

Scandale Shop, Milan;
by Paolo A. Chessa.

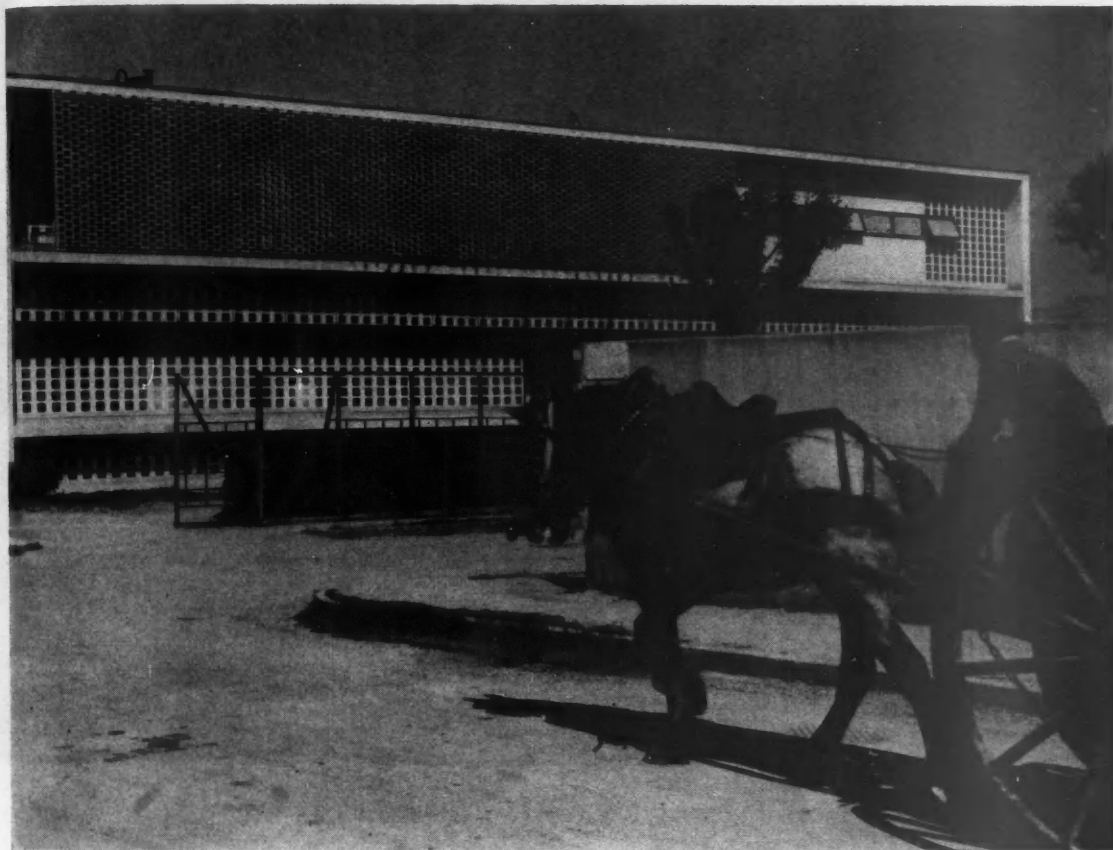
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ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE *continued*

piece. Sometimes coarse or slightly histrionic, they are never, even at their worst, without a redeeming theme—a logic, a coherence which may assert itself only after the first distaste has worn off. Persico, on the other hand, was secretive, fastidious, extremely well-read; a convinced anti-fascist, he had been imprisoned for political reasons and never recovered from the effects of his treatment. His designing was limited by his conscientiousness and frailty as well as by political and social handicaps; what has survived, however, is extremely inventive and very delicate. His architectural writing was relatively prolific, however, and is among the best of the century; at this distance of time his literary criticism even seems very acute and well worth reading. It may be worth recollecting here that it was he who introduced Frank Lloyd Wright—"the Cézanne of the new architecture," he called Wright—to the Italian public. The collaboration between Persico and Pagano was focused around their magazine, *Casabella*, which attained the highest critical and literary standards for an architectural publication.

These three men were dead by the end of the war, and had, in the changed circumstances, the aura of martyrdom. A fourth well-known Italian architect was killed by the Germans: Gian Luigi Banfi, who worked in partnership with Belgioioso, Peressutti and Rogers, who have become the most important single architectural office in Italy (Rogers is the editor of the revived *Casabella*). The continuity of architectural development which such a carrying-over shows is reflected in the work of many other architects some of whose important work was built before the war: Franco Albini, for instance, whose buildings have the same coarse, forthright physiognomy as Pagano's, or Ignazio Gardella, an extreme exponent of the Lombard elegance which is so admirable, and so seductive and dangerous! There are other figures, less eminent, but whose work may often be as good as that of the principal protagonists of the movement: Mario Ridolfi in Rome, Luigi Cosenza in Naples and so on—any list of this kind is bound to be invidious.



Tuberculosis Clinic,
Alessandria;
by Ignazio Gardella.

A NEW generation of architects, practicing only since the war, has already acquired some *renommée*; the most influential among them have been perhaps Giancarlo de Carlo in Milan and Bruno Zevi in Rome, two extremely dissimilar persons operating in very different fields; De Carlo is primarily a designer and teacher, modest, economical and elegant, though firm both in manner and in design, while Zevi, the editor first of *Metron* and then of *Architettura*, both well-known architectural periodicals, the author of a discursive history of modern architecture and the apologist first of Frank Lloyd Wright and then of the Dutch neoplastic movement, is assertively rhetorical and deliberately controversial. Again, there are quite a few younger architects of almost equal distinction: Di Salvo in Naples, Chessa and Gandolfi in Milan, and so on. There are also several building projects, such as the new railway station in Rome and the village of La Martella near Matera in the Abruzzi, which have been produced in collaboration by several lesser-known architects and are consequently very much better known than their creators.

The changes which have taken place in Italian conditions, creating new problems, provoking new polemics, have not eradicated many old loyalties nor invalidated the basic truths to which many Italian architects gave their allegiance. The changes and the continuity are sometimes to be judged in terms of a subtle nuance, sometimes in terms of happenings very deep below the surface. If one wishes to appreciate such a situation, it is often very much a matter of becoming passive, of allowing things to happen to one, of not worrying about the mechanics of observation perhaps—as one imagines Mr. Smith worrying. It is a matter of appreciating the humblest sensations: “In Italy I have been very much alive to what I eat. I cannot judge how much the enjoyment of food has stimulated architectural interest, but I feel certain that pleasure in building broadens the appetite, whether it be for the cylinders of *maccheroni* and spaghetti, the pilasters of *tagliatelli*, the lucent golden drums of *gnocchi alla romana* or for

fruit and cheese like strong-lipped apertures on the smooth wall of wine. . .” (Adrian Stokes, *The Rough and the Smooth*, p. 56). A single observation as particularized and sensitive as this might have induced one to swallow all Mr. Smith’s generalities with an easier conscience. Or if he had looked at people: the large women in the tight black dresses, melancholy and voluble by turns; the dapper, collapsed civil servants on a pension; the noisy, cynical, sentimental young men in pointed shoes who have nothing to do all day but assess and accost the passing members of the opposite sex, walking along the sea front of Portofino, or in the evening in the Piazza della Signoria in Florence, squatting on the railings of the Spanish Stairs in Rome or drinking coffee in front of Saint Mark’s in Venice. For these people Italy was built, and they have made the buildings, however remote and gigantic they seem, their own. Their habits, the patterns of their movement, have to be understood before the shape of a square or the slope of a ramp can be fully savored and appreciated.

For it is useless thinking that the lesson can be learnt “esthetically,” as it were; that the shape and feel of things can be translated into another country, and into another mental climate. Self-criticism by comparison with the virtues we see elsewhere is perhaps the first necessity, now that we have become so acutely aware of the shortcomings of our environment. What direction then is it to take? The Italians can teach us, at the most superficial level, how to organize our towns as a sequence of related spaces. But it must be learnt in microcosm; perhaps we could do it by learning to plan our apartments—if I may syllogize Alberti—without any passages, any dead areas. And yet shapely towns will only grow with a way of life which calls for them—where walking is an occupation in itself, not simply a means of getting to another place. And for such a change we may have long to wait. Perhaps those who take Mr. Smith’s lesson to heart should start by campaigning for a two-hour lunch break and a legal limitation on the length of motor cars.

PATROCINIO BARELA



*A prolific primitive infuses
Spanish-American traditions with a spirit
reminiscent of old Indian cultures.*

BY LENORE G. MARSHALL



Patrocinio Barela

Mildred Tolbert photo

A THIN little man wandered across my patio. He wore jeans, his face was hewn, full of character and old legends as a mountain rock. An object bulged under his tattered jacket, protected and cupped by his hand.

I had seen Barela's wood carvings in galleries and homes around Taos. Examples of his work are spread from New York's Museum of Modern Art to the San Francisco Museum, but he himself is as indifferent to this as indeed he may be innocent of the very existence of these cities. The carvings, varying in size from a few inches to a few feet, are religious, elemental, fatalistic, some compassionate as a Rouault, some grotesque in pagan humor, some looking as though they might have come straight from the studio of an unlettered Henry Moore: madonnas, angels, animals, family groups, death-men aiming spears or arrows. His output is prolific. He has little contact with the Anglo-American group of artists in the neighborhood. He is the real primitive, if you wish to think in those terms.

Barela had taken the bulging object from his jacket, a shepherd tenderly holding a lamb. "I never went to school," he said, dignified and friendly. "My daddy he sent me to watch goats in the hills. I go here, there, nine years, dig potatoes, coal mines, work in WPA, haul dirt, ate breakfast went out. One day the priest showed me old figure of Saint Angelo, broken, he say, Pat, you think could be fix? I say, Padre, we can try. We work all night and fix. That santo was done in joints, pieces put in with pipe. I came home and lay on bed and think how can you make it so it's in one piece? All one. I can't sleep all night. Next day after work I eat supper quick, go out where I got pieces of wood, I choose some with no knots and I begin with pocketknife. My wife call, You no going to sleep? I no answer her."

He uses cedar boles and branches, occasionally pine that he carries from the forest or finds among logs in the woodpile. The deep red core of the cedar is sometimes used for a body, and the white outside lining of the wood may appear in the enveloping wings of an angel; rhythm of grain is skillfully and naturally employed. His stylized and distorted forms, many of the recent ones sanded to smoothness, derive from ancient traditions and convey a complex simplicity. The carving of the shepherd that he now held up, giving out a sweet

Below: THE TWELVE APOSTLES, 1936; wood relief, 11½" by 61";
U.S. WPA Art Program on extended loan to the Museum of Modern Art, N. Y.



Right: HORSE AND RIDER; cedar, 28" high, 33" long;
collection La Galeria Escondida, Taos.

raw resinous scent, protruded from and rested within a rosy hollowed block, light streaks stressing deep brow, fingers, the nose of the lamb.

He spoke lengthily and lovingly of his work. We were watching the sun set over the mountains. "You a painter?" he inquired as though noticing me personally for the first time. "No. A writer. But here I should like to be able to paint." He looked at me hard. He said: "Maybe you can catch it if you try."

The next day I visited his studio in the Spanish-American village of Canon down the road. The studio was a shack; here he worked and slept beside the small adobe house where his family lived. The dark interior of the slatted shed had for floor the earth of the mesa mixed with shavings and chips; a stump of tree was rooted in the center, board walls gaped, cardboard cartons were stuck over holes in attempt to keep out rain. There was an iron bed without sheets, a mess of quilt, a disintegrating mattress; from under the mattress protruded a bottle of Tokay wine. A shelf held rags, peaches, pits, paper bag of corn, empty cans, lanterns, an auto tire. At the door was his work bench, and here in orderly rows, contrasting with the disorder of the shed, were laid his tools: rasps, chisels, bits, knives, a hammer. Handles for the rasps had been made from sawed-off pieces of deer antler, polished from usage. Three newly completed figures stood on the ground. Above the bench was nailed a carving unlike his others: a double portrait plaque of *Senator Chavez* and *FDR* decorated with stars, and each man wearing a respectable, respectful tie.

Pat lay on the bed more in stupor than in sleep. He staggered to his feet, coming back slowly, talking out of some other world, out of some deep, Dostoevskian world, talking altogether to himself, moving a figure on the ground, a death image with arrow flying. "You see, that's what I dreaming. It came from a dream." He tried it in different positions. "Maybe this way, maybe that. Like in your own life; you stand, maybe too straight, maybe crooked. Make it simple. I don't know—I kill you—" But he was studying the death figure, living it. He picked up a chunk of cedar, bark still on it; it took on form as he placed its chopped-off branches on the earth. "See, Sister?" In his hands one could see it. "Yes. An animal."



He nodded, caressed it affectionately, stripped the bark, "cleaned" it. There was about him a transformation into a world of visions.

He describes his carvings in a kind of poetry: "an angel behind a person, perhaps an angel behind every person"; his titles include *A King's Subject Being Killed*, *Heavy Thinker*, *Man Praying Deep for His Own*, *Death Looking for the Good Ones*. Allegory unites his sculpture with the spirit of the Bible or the work of Mayan and Aztec artists of centuries ago or the traditions of the early Spanish-Americans who were his ancestors and whose effigies were the art of the Morada.

"I would like to have a vise, hold wood," he said simply. "Can do more better."

The last time I saw him he stood alone in his doorway, immovable, next to a pile of lumber. What he had said at our first meeting came back to me, and I thought that he had given voice to the hope of all artists: "Maybe you can catch it if you try."



Lorenzo Lotto: THE SURGEON STUER WITH HIS YOUNG SON;
Johnson Collection, Philadelphia.

BOOKS

Lorenzo Lotto by Bernard Berenson. Phaidon Press. \$15.00.

AFTER its auspicious resurrection of Bernard Berenson's *Italian Painters of the Renaissance*, Phaidon has now given us a new and fully illustrated edition of the master's youthful essay in constructive criticism. Reconsidered on the occasion of a recent Lotto exhibition in Venice, this study provides a fresh insight into the art of a painter much neglected by the general public.

While on the whole corresponding to the Italian edition which preceded it, the present volume suffers from the doubtful quality of its color reproductions. Lotto, after all, was a colorist never sparing in the use of the most vivid pigments. As it is, however, the plates have a washed-out look caused mainly by the reduction of the deep reds to a sandy yellow. Further harm is done by the substitution of relatively indifferent plates for the decidedly modern works from Trescore and Loreto which adorn the Italian edition.

Half exhibition catalogue and half connoisseur's eulogy, Berenson's book is notably lacking in stylistic unity. Concise entries such as "rich beard, fine head, serene look" alternate with eloquent poetic passages like the following description of an annunciatory angel: "the loveliest angel Lotto has left us. He is like the spirit of one of those roses that the artist loved to paint, and a reader of Shakespeare may be tempted to compare him with Ariel."

But who is this painter, whom our author—for once by-passing the tactile values of which he shows himself so enamored in his *magnum opus*—describes as being (or, at any rate, as having been) his favorite master? A Venetian cinque-

centist who spent the better part of his life in the provinces; a religionist who, while rarely surpassing a Bellini or a Correggio in the portrayal of religious subject matter, excelled in the difficult art of portrait painting; a craftsman, finally, whose manner at times foreshadows the stylistic accomplishments of future generations, but whose indifference, at other times, caused him to fall short of the technical standards established by his own contemporaries. And hence the difficulty, to which Berenson alludes, of dating those works of his which are not sufficiently documented.

Berenson was not the first to throw light on the conspicuously uneven quality of Lotto's paintings; Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in their *History of Painting in North Italy*, had already pointed out that it is mainly the exaggerated action in the artist's larger compositions and his inability to construct an architecturally integrated pictorial space which were instrumental in destroying his reputation as a painter.

This is by no means the case with Lotto's portrait paintings, which, being of a consistently high and profoundly spiritual quality, remain the chief source of his enduring fame. Here we have a genre that, because of its inherent compositional simplicity, constitutes the ideal medium for the artist-psychologist. The very absence of allegorical superfluities, so dear to the Venetians as part and parcel of their Oriental heritage and clearly emerging in Lotto's surrealistic designs for the Bergamo intarsias, forces the painter to look behind the mask of his sitter's expression in order to discover the mood or disposition which ultimately determines his outer appearance.

In the art of projecting an individual's men-

talities onto the picture plane, and thus rendering it esthetically intelligible, Lotto is indeed a true master. For the chief note of his art, as Berenson puts it, is "personality, a consciousness of self, a being aware at every moment of what is going on within one's heart and mind, a straining of the whole tangible universe through the web of one's temperament."

No doubt there are among Lotto's immediate contemporaries artists equally capable of reproducing the human image in all its complexity; but even these seldom penetrate the innermost recesses of the soul where our emotions are born. Holbein's portraits, for instance, with their powerfully drawn outline and strong coloristic contrast (I think of the juxtaposition of jet-black and blue in a recently cleaned specimen at the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum in Berlin), are too clear and too perfect to allow for the expression of what is essential to a full understanding of the sitter's personality; Titian's, on the other hand, tell us more about the social type to which the individual conforms than about the uniqueness of each human monad.

In Lotto's portraits alone the true self of the sitter seems to be rendered. This is a self, to be sure, whose essence is melancholy and whose inexplicable sadness strangely contrasts with the sensuous optimism and worldly confidence of the Renaissance world about it. Here, for once, is an artist who "does not paint the triumph of man over his environment," but instead "shows us people in want of the consolations of religion . . . of friendship and affection." Of this attitude, the touching double portrait of the surgeon Stuer and his little son from the Johnson Collection in Philadelphia gives a perfect illustration. Here, as in many other of Lotto's later portraits, we encounter a tendency toward the monochrome, where the only variety consists in a subtle shading of blacks and grays.

In view of this psychological and artistic superiority of Lotto's portraits over those painted by his contemporaries, how is it that, from time to time, his art has been described as lacking in originality? Quite obviously it is the constant fluctuation of his style and the plurality of influences apparent in his paintings which have caused the critics to treat him thus harshly. Throughout his career, for instance, Lotto shows signs of having been in touch with German, or at least Germanizing, art. Whether he met Dürer during the latter's sojourn in Venice in 1506 or Holbein in the course of his trip to Italy twelve years later we do not know. But it is a fact that many of Lotto's portraits are Holbeinesque in character (and, actually, have been mistaken for works of the German master) and that he used Dürer's famous engraving of St. Jerome in his cell as a model for one of his less important pictures.

No such problems exist with regard to the native sources of Lotto's richly varied style. From Giovanni Bellini, Alvise Vivarini and Antonello da Messina to Giorgione, Titian and Palma Vecchio (with whom he shares a chapter in Vasari), Italian painting has provided him with models for his strangely checkered art—which is not to say, however, that our painter should be dealt with in the annals of art history under the rubric of eclecticism. For, rather than being a mere emulator, Lorenzo Lotto strove to keep in constant touch with the true source of creativity.

ULRICH WEISSTEIN



Pissarro: COTE DU JALLAIS, at the Metropolitan.

IN THE GALLERIES

Matisse Graphics: The elegance and apparent ease of Matisse's line in drawing were qualities that readily enhanced his sporadic ventures into graphics. In the current exhibition the Modern has assembled a variety of his lithographs, etchings and monotypes from a period of fifty years, a selection of his work which points out both the sturdy and the slender aspects of his art. His acute eye for a graceful or a languorous curve was coupled with an ability to render it in the most direct and simple terms—a swift, continuous line that meeting another line, equally as direct, filled out, suddenly, a voluptuous form. One sees it both in the earlier *Head with Closed Eyes* of 1906 and in the later *Black Eyes or Nude Seen from the Back*. One sees it also in the *Arabesque* of 1924, where the head of the nude flowers in the midst of curling, decorative line, and in the two dry-point portraits, *Mme Juan Gris* and *Mlle Yvonne Landsberg*. But there are in the exhibition, too, those gray moments of his art—the dull ballerinas and odalisques repeated from one lithograph to another, the exotic settings a little changed each time—and those other moments, ones which he shared with Picasso, when he passed off to us, gratuitously, a clever, offhand scrawl like the *Head, Full Face*, the product of an idle minute or two. (Museum of Modern Art, through Oct. 7.)—J.R.M.

Paintings from Private Collections: The good things are so numerous in this exhibition of works from private New York collections that it is difficult to do much more than point. Ranging from the impressionists to the cubists and Klee, it features several exceptionally fine Cézannes, including the firmly modeled portrait, *Mme Cézanne*, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Loeb, and the small *Bathers* in cool blues and greens from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ittleson, Jr. Pissarro's landscape, *Côte du Jallais*, extending into hazy summer distances, and Monet's *On a Bench in the Park*, its figures resting in dappled shade, are equally impressive. Of the many works from the School of Paris, one might mention the familiar Picasso *Blue Boy* from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. M. Warburg or the Bonnard *Landscape: Le Cannet* from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Hazen. Works by Modigliani, Rousseau, Matisse and Braque are among the other valuable opportunities the exhibition offers. (Metropolitan, June 22-Sept. 30.)—J.R.M.

Saidenberg Group: Several early sculptures by Archipenko form the nucleus of this exhibition, among them the thin, small, elegant *Blue Torso* of 1914 and the larger reclining *Torso* of 1935 in aluminum. One of the noteworthy features of the exhibition is the continuing interest of the

sculptor in the female form and the diversity of his attack upon it. A selected group of paintings by Salemm, Masson, Gleizes and Hedda Sterne is also being shown. (Saidenberg, Aug. 1-31.)—J.R.M.

Rosenberg Group: De Staël's impetuous brushwork and simplification of form in the two oils, *Bridge at Auteuil* and *Black and White Still Life*, both of 1954, renew the feeling of the impressiveness of his talent. The *Still Life*, a particularly fine one, with its few, blunt, static objects and its dynamic thrusts of paint creates an admirable balance of excitement and calm. Marsden Hartley is represented by a rich brown and white composition, *Still Life with Fan*, from 1928, while the remainder of this exhibition of modern European and American painters contains good works by Knaths, Patrix, Rattner, Léger and Masson. A number of sculptures by Maldarelli, Harvey Weiss and Fred Farr are also being shown. (Rosenberg, Aug. 1-31.)—J.R.M.

Matisse: HEAD WITH CLOSED EYES, at the Modern.



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IN THE GALLERIES continued

Walter A. Simon: The best among these abstract watercolors combine an intricacy of line and flat shapes with a pleasing and personal sense of color, as in *Composition 2-B*, or in *E as in Efficacious*, with its soft-toned pinks, browns and grays. (Wittenborn, July 30-Aug. 6.)—J.R.M.

Theatre East Group: Barbara K's nostalgic collages of turn-of-the-century figures placed against stained white skies and Ann Steinbrocker's taut, muscular abstractions are some of the highlights in this lively exhibition of young artists, several of whom are showing with the gallery for the first time. Eduardo Acevedo's drawings with their incisive line and Sol Leitter's richly colored abstractions are also noteworthy, as well as works by Ray Johnson, Robert Selnick, Elaine Morfogen, Joan Stack and James Harrison. (Theatre East, Aug. 1-31.)—J.R.M.

Tapestries and Ceramics: Modern abstract styles in painting have often fared particularly well when transposed into tapestry. With its emphasis upon rich color and texture, this exhibition of hangings from the workshop of a Viennese couple, Fritz Reidl and Johanna Schidlo, demonstrates the suitability of the medium for such purposes, and of the several handsome pieces exhibited, one would particularly like to mention the large hanging from a cartoon by Reidl in various browns and pale blues. Lillyan Rhodes, whose series of ceramic shore birds forms an effective companion exhibition, has developed a genre of her own that has taste, warmth and considerable humor. (Bertha Schaefer, Aug. 27-Sept. 15.)—J.R.M.

Summer Group: In this selection of works by its regular artists, many of which have been seen during the past season, the gallery has put together a particularly fine show. Easton Pribble's *Across the Ridge*, with its calm and orderly brushwork, its soft greens, yellows and reddish browns, is one of the outstanding works on view. Equally notable are Edward Millman's *Blue Garden*, an abstraction in vague, soft, blue and green forms, and Julian Levi's large, darkly painted *Night at Montauk*. From the diversity of good work by painters and sculptors which is featured in the show, one might also mention contributions by Oliver Andrews, Charles Oscar, Jack Squier and Robert Knipschild. (Alan, June 19-Aug. 10.)—J.R.M.

Kottler Group: Among the several artists showing in this exhibition, Robert McKinney with his abstract seascape in grays, blues and purplish-browns, *Coastline*, combines a vigorous technique with an effective sense of color, while Ostor Glorig, with *Still Life*, and Benjamin Berillo, with *Summer Day*, also contribute noteworthy pieces. A variety of effective works by Olive Bohannon, Joseph di Donato, Lynn Kottler, Harry Mathes and John Mucciarillo completes the show. (Kottler, July 9-Aug. 4.)—J.R.M.

Meltzer: After a highly successful tour of French museums over the past two years, this exhibition of contemporary American watercolors, selected and prepared by Doris Meltzer, is now on view here over the summer months. (June 19-Oct. 1.) . . . **Petite:** A lively show of oils and gouaches includes works by Erik Hoberg, Walter Phillips, Victor de Pauw. (July 2-31.) . . . **Kennedy:** Entitled "The Western Legend," this exhibition of paintings, sculptures and prints presents a vivid panorama of the development of the West with work by well-known artists on the scene like Catlin and Bierstadt, as well as such pleasant surprises as Storelli's *Indians on the Lower Mississippi*. (July 2-Aug. 31.) . . . **Grand Central:** A continuing summer exhibition of paintings and sculpture by artists who have shown frequently with the gallery brings together a wide variety of landscapes, still lifes and portraits. (Aug. 1-31.) . . . **Burr:** The "automatic" paintings of Anna, as well as work by Sid Gotcliffe, Jo E. Carrol, Patricia Allen, Charles Gold, Lucy Durand and Guido Borghi are featured in this exhibition of paintings in various media, all of which deal with "mystical" themes. (July 30-Aug. 11.) . . . **Wittenborn:** A series of colorful, well-designed lithographs from his portfolio, *Transmissions*, by the Swiss designer Gottfried Honegger. (Aug. 22-Sept. 5.)—J.R.M.

STUDIO TALK

BY VINCENT LONGO

Improvement in Tubed Casein:

Interview with Ted Davis

KNOWN since early times as one of the strongest of glues and used for centuries as a binding medium for house paints, casein has until fairly recently found limited use as an artist's color. Offsetting its great adhesive strength and durability were such frustrating problems as a most uncertain shelf life in the tube (caused by hardening or separation of pigment and medium), the inadvisability of using it directly out of the tube without water or emulsion medium, and its tendency to "chalk out" in drying. But the advantages of quick drying to a hard finish and versatility in handling continue to attract painters to casein, so that color manufacturers have taken up the challenge of its technical difficulties. One of the most popular brands of casein is the Shiva series, described in an interview with William Kienbusch in the December, 1955, issue of ARTS. The present article examines some important improvements made by M. Grumbacher in their casein production.

After lengthy experimentation by Willy Nusinoff, the chemist at Grumbacher's, the shelf life of their casein tempera has been increased to approach that of oil color. (Tempera refers to an egg or casein vehicle to carry pigment.) Only distilled water is used at the plant because it is free of fluorides and chlorine, which tend to bleach color. The binding agent, a precipitated lactic acid made from the curd of skim milk with an addition of slaked lime, is imported from Argentina and combined with the same high-grade pigments used in their Finest Oil Colors. Especially notable is the ability of this casein to be used directly from the tube without water if desired, and it can be applied to almost any surface.

While its unusual adaptability allows for painting in watercolor, tempera or oil techniques, casein seems best suited to a moderately impasted handling that will permit the rapid overpainting of areas in opaque color or layers of transparent washes. Though water-soluble when wet, it dries to a mat, waterproof finish. Scumbling, scraping and other surface-agitating devices can be employed to advantage. Similarly, it can be combined with India ink and charcoal. Casein underpainting when isolated with a thin coat of varnish to prevent absorption serves as an excellent beginning for an oil painting. Rigid supports such as gesso panels, masonite, pasteboard and mounted paper are good surfaces for painting in this medium. Also recommended are canvases prepared with absorbent grounds, usually gesso or other chalk-like substances. Anjac Products, 38-50 Review Avenue, Long Island City, New York, provides a good selection of this type.

The popularity shared by oil and watercolor painting overshadows that of casein, which technique-wise seems to fall between the two and is therefore considerably neglected in exhibitions. Artists working in this category generally submit works under the ambiguous designations of "gouache" or "opaque watercolor." In some degree the situation is being rectified by a group of painters who five years ago organized the National Society of Painters in Casein in order to establish the medium in its own right. The project was launched modestly with small group shows representing only the members of the Society. Two years ago however the first national exhibition was held at the Riverside Museum and was open to all painters in the United States "regardless of school" or "subject matter." The shows are juried, and several paintings are awarded prizes each year. The last annual numbered about 150 entries, including work by such well-known painters

as Paul Mommer, Morris Shulman, Sol Wilson, Minna Citron, Jean Liberté and George Morrison.

In a recent interview with Ted Davis, the corresponding secretary of the Society, I learned of the growing interest in casein and of the work this group is doing to sustain and encourage it by providing important exhibiting opportunities. To be particularly commended is the president, Ralph Fabri, whose experience as a former president of the Audubon Society was invaluable in launching the organization. Both the national membership registration and the response from museums and universities have surpassed expectations. The forthcoming annual will open early in February, 1957, at the Riverside Museum and will run for three weeks. Any communications regarding this exhibition or the Society itself should be directed to Ted Davis, Secretary, National Society of Painters in Casein, 128 East 16th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Mr. Davis contends that in richness and luminosity casein colors are equivalent to oils, and differences between the two appear only in the binding media. Further, he points out that casein will not yellow as oils do, that its adhesive strength makes it more permanent, and that it does not require glass as is generally believed. I would mention here, however, that excessive rubbing of the surface that may occur in handling will cause permanent "shiny" marks. Therefore casein paintings often should be protected with glass or varnish. There is a danger that when varnished caseins may take on the look of oil paintings, so that it is advisable to spray a varnish such as Tuffilm (Grumbacher) in a thin application while the work is held at a 90° angle to avoid glossiness—and to retain as much as possible the mat quality of tempera while at the same time enhancing the color. Mr. Davis finds that Grumbacher Casein Color serves him best, especially since the recently developed homogenizing process insures a consistent thickness while protecting the color from separating from the vehicle or hardening and drying out in the tube. When water is used as a painting medium it tends to make casein thin. For this reason he frequently uses an emulsion medium that will retain a buttery consistency but not retard drying; here Anjac Medium is preferred. In the case of applying thin glazes Mr. Davis employs Grumbacher Casein Medium to slow up the drying and extend the color; thus he attains a richer glaze than can be achieved with water.

Representing one of Mr. Davis' more direct impressionist statements in casein is *Lilacs*, reproduced herewith. One of a series of paintings from a still-life setup, it presents loosely joined strokes of vibrant color that capture the passing brilliance of the spring flowers. His naturalistic approach is incorporated with an experimental approach to form.



Ted Davis: LILACS; casein.

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32ND ANNUAL AUTUMN EXHIBITION, Art Assn. of New Orleans, Delgado Museum, Sept. 30-Oct. 14. All submittals exhibited. All media. Fee: \$5. Work due by Sept. 22. Prizes. Write: Exhibition, Delgado Museum of Art, City Park, New Orleans 19, La.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

CITY CENTER GALLERY OCTOBER EXHIBITION. Open to all artists. Medium: oil. Fee: \$2. Prizes. Work due Sept. 13 & 14. Write: Mrs. Ruth Yates, Director, City Center Gallery, 58 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

43RD ANNUAL EXHIBITION, Allied Artists of America, National Academy Galleries, Oct. 11-28. Open juried show as well as members' exhibition. All media. Fee: \$4. Work due Sept. 27. For information write: Miss Selma K. Sitton, 34-25 Crescent Ave., Long Island City, N. Y.

REGIONAL

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

ELEVENTH ANNUAL PAINTING EXHIBITION, Atlanta Art Assn. Galleries, Sept. 30-Oct. 14. Open to artists of Ala., Fla., Ga., La., Miss., N. C., S. C., Tenn. and Va. Media: oil and watercolor. Prizes. Work due by Sept. 7. Write: Atlanta Art Assn., 1280 Peachtree St., Atlanta 9, Ga.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

36TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, California Watercolor Society, Los Angeles County Museum, Oct. 30-Dec. 11. Media: watercolor, gouache, pastel. Jury. Prizes. Work due Sept. 29. Write: Leonard Cutrow, 1007 Clark St., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

25TH NEW JERSEY STATE ANNUAL EXHIBITION, Montclair Art Museum, Nov. 4-Dec. 3. Open to artists born in or living in N. J. Media: oil, watercolor, drawing, prints, sculpture. Fee: \$1 per entry. Prizes. Work due Sept. 30-Oct. 7. Write: Montclair Art Museum, Montclair, N. J.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

8TH ANNUAL GREENWICH VILLAGE FAIR, Rockford Art Assn., Sept. 16. Open to artists and craftsmen in Rockford and within 90-mile radius (exclusive of Chicago and Milwaukee). Write: Burpee Gallery, 737 N. Main St., Rockford, Ill.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

5TH TEXAS STATE CRAFT EXHIBITION, Craft Guild of San Antonio, Witte Memorial Museum, Nov. 4-25. Open to artists and craftsmen of Texas. Media: clay, textile, metal, leather, glass. Fee: \$3. Five entries permitted. Work due by Oct. 12. For information write: Craft Guild of San Antonio, Witte Museum, Brackenridge Park, San Antonio 9, Tex.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

2ND BIENNIAL EXHIBITION OF CREATIVE CRAFTS, National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution, Aug. 23-Sept. 21. Open to all craftsmen residing in the District of Columbia, Maryland and Virginia. Classes: ceramics, ceramic sculpture, enamels, handwoven fabrics, printed fabrics, stained glass, jewelry, leather, metal, rugs, wood. Work must be delivered on Aug. 10. Five pieces may be submitted in each class. Fee: \$2 per class. For information write: Mrs. Eleanor Roy, 7241 Brinkley Rd., Washington 22, D. C.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

AUTUMN ANNUAL FOR AREA ARTISTS, Butler Institute of American Art, Nov. 4-Dec. 16. Open to artists within 25-mile radius of Youngstown. Media: oil, watercolor, pastel, drawing, prints, ceramics, sculpture, crafts. Prizes. No fees. Work due Oct. 28. Write: Secretary, Butler Institute of American Art, Youngstown 2, Ohio.

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GALLERY 313, Aug. 1-15: A.K.D.
Healy; Aug. 15-31: F. Colburn
ATHENS, GEORGIA
MUSEUM, Aug.: Fla. Artist Group
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.
GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 19th &
20th C. Fr. & Amer. Ptg.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

MUSEUM, Aug. 15-Sept. 7: Sargent
W'cols.

BOSTON, MASS.

DOLL & RICHARDS, Aug.: Selected
Amer. Ptg.
MUSEUM, Aug. 14-Sept. 16: Onchi
Memorial Exhib.

CHICAGO, ILL.

PALETTE & CHISEL ACAD., to Sept.
9: A. E. Turtle
PALMER HOUSE, to Sept. 1: Con-
temp. Graphics
CINCINNATI, OHIO
MUSEUM, to Aug. 15: Acad. Student
Exhib.

CORNING, N. Y.

MUSEUM, to Aug. 13: E. Winter
DETROIT, MICH.

ART INST., to Aug. 31: Mich. W'col.
Soc. Retrospective; to Sept. 2: C.
Burchfield

ESSEX, CONN.

ART ASSOC. to Aug. 15: Juried An-
nual

HOUSTON, TEXAS

MUSEUM, Aug. 1-27: Prints, Mus.
Collection

LINCOLN, MASS.

DECORDOVA MUS., to Aug. 9: Dutch
Arts & Crafts; Canadian W'cols.

LONDON, ENGLAND

GIMPEL FILS, Aug.: Summer Exhib.
Group

HANOVER, to Sept. 14: Contemp.
Sculp.

LEFEVRE, Cont. Brit.; 19th & 20th
C. Fr.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

STENDAHL, Pre-Col. & Modern
MUSEUM, to Aug. 26: Chrysler Col-
lection

MANCHESTER, N. H.

CURRIER GALLERY, to Sept. 2: 18th
C. Amer. Silver; Painters by the
Sea

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

INST., Norfeldt Memorial

MONTREAL, CAN.

MUSEUM, Can. Ptg., Drwg., W'cols.

MYSTIC, CONN.

ART ASSOC., to Sept. 3: 32nd An-
nual

NEWARK, N. J.

MUSEUM, Summer: Museum Collec-
tion Survey; "Faraway Places";
Cont. Japanese Prints & Pottery

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Museums:
BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkway), to Aug.
19: "Lace with the Delicate Air"
COOPER UNION (Cooper Sq.), to
Aug. 31: "Design by the Yard"

METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), Aug.:
Mod. Eur. Ptg. from N. Y. private
collections; Italian Prints 1500-
1550; German Prints & Drwgs.

MODERN (11 W. 53), to Sept. 9:
Twelve Americans; to Oct. 7:
Matisse Prints

WHITNEY (22 W. 54), Aug.: Selec-
tions from Perm. Collection

Galleries:

A.A.A. (712 Fifth), Aug.: Group
Still Lifes

ALAN (32 E. 65), to Aug. 10: Gal-
lery Group

ARGENT (236 E. 60 new address), to
Oct.: Closed

ARTISTS' (851 Lex. at 64), to Sept.:
Closed

BABCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), Aug.:
Amer. Ptg.

BARONE (202 E. 51), to Sept.:
Closed

BORGENICHT (61 E. 57), to Sept.:
Closed

BURR (108 W. 56), to Aug. 11:
Mystical pgs. Group; Aug. 11-
Sept. 1: Gallery artists

CAMINO (92 E. 10), to Sept.: Closed

CARLBACH (937 3rd Ave.), Sum-
mer: Pre-Columbian Arts & Ptg.
by Miro, Lipchitz, Calder, others

CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), to Sept. 10:
Closed

CHASE (21 E. 63), Aug.: Contemp.
Amer.

CONTEMPORARY ARTS (802 Lex. at
62), Aug.: "Exhibitions to Travel"

COOPER (313 W. 53), to Sept.:
Closed

CRESPI (232 E. 58), Aug.: Summer
Show Sale

DAVIS (231 E. 60), to Sept.: Closed

DEITSCH (51 E. 73), to Sept.: Closed

DELIUS (470 Park), to Sept.: Closed

DE NAGY (24 E. 67), to Sept.:
Closed

DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), to Sept.:
Closed

DURLACHER (11 E. 57), to Sept.:
Closed

DUVEN (18 E. 79), Aug.: Old Mas-
ters

DUVEN-GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at
78), to Sept.: Closed

EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), to
Sept.: Closed

EMMERICH (18 E. 77), closed for
summer except by app't.

ESTE (32 E. 65), to Sept.: Closed

FEIGL (601 Mad. at 57), to Sept. 5:
Closed

FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES (41 E. 57),
to Sept.: Closed

FLEISCHMAN (227 E. 10), to Sept. 5:
"Selection Present Indicative"

FORUM (818 Mad. at 69), to Sept.:
Closed

FRENCH & CO. (210 E. 57), Works
of Art

GALERIE CHALETTE (45 W. 57), to
Sept.: Closed

GALERIE MODERNE (59 W. 53), to
Sept.: Closed

GALLERY G (200 E. 59), Aug.: Sum-
mer Group

GALERIE ST. ETIENNE (46 W. 57),
Aug.: Closed

JAMES GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78),
Aug.: Closed

GRAND CENTRAL (15 Vand. at 42),
Summer: Leading Amer. Artists

GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (120 E.
57), Aug.: Group

HAMMER (51 E. 57), Aug.: Gallery
Group

HARTERT (22 E. 58), to Sept.: Closed

HELLER (63 E. 57),
HERVE (611 Mad. at 58), Aug.: Fr.
Contemp.

HIRSCHL & ADLER (270 Park), Fine
Paintings

JACKSON (32 E. 69), to Sept.:
Closed

JANIS (15 E. 57), to Sept.: Closed

KENNEDY (785 5th), Aug.: Amer.
Ptg. of Western Interest; 19th C.
Marine Ptg.

KLEEMANN (11 E. 8), to Sept.: Closed

KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), Aug. Cont.
& Old Masters

KOOTZ (600 Mad. at 57), to Sept.:
Closed; From Sept. 1: New Ad-
dress, 1018 Mad.

KOTTLER (3 E. 65), thru Aug.: Group

KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80),
Aug.: 20th C. Amer. Artists

LEWIS STUDIO (8 W. 13), Aug. 18-
31: A. Lewis

LILLIPUT (231½ Eliz., by App't.),
Aug.: Lilliput Permanent Collection
—American

MARINO (46 W. 56), Aug.: Sculp-
ture & Photography

MELTZER (38 W. 57), thru Oct. 1:
Cont. Amer. w'cols.

MI CHOU (3208 W. 81), to Sept.:
Closed

MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), Aug.: Sum-
mer Group

MILCH (55 E. 57), Aug.: Amer. Ptg.

MORRIS (174 Waverly), Aug.: Group

MOSKIN (4 E. 88), to Sept.: Closed

NAT. ARTS CLUB (15 Gramercy Pk.),
to Sept. 7: Members Exhib.

NEW (601 Mad. at 57), Aug.: Europ.
& Amer. Group

NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), Old Masters;
18th C. Fr. & Eng.

PANORAS (62 W. 56), to Sept. 3:
Closed

PARMA (1111 Lex.), Aug.: Closed

PARSONS (15 E. 57), to Sept. 24:
Closed

PASSEDIT (121 E. 57), to Sept. 5:
Closed

PEN & BRUSH CLUB (16 E. 10),
Aug.: Members W'col. Exhib.

PERIDOT (820 Mad. at 68), to Sept.:
Closed

PERLS (1016 Mad.), Aug.: Closed

PETITE (129 W. 56), Aug.: Amer. &
Europ. Groups

REHN (683 5th at 54), to Sept.:
Closed

ROERICH (319 W. 107), to Sept.:
Closed

ROKO (925 Mad. at 74), to Sept.
10: Closed

ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), July: Fr. &
Amer. Ptg. & Sculp.

SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), Summer
Hours 2-5:30, Mod. Europ. &
Amer. Ptg.

SALMAGUNDI CLUB (47 Fifth Ave.),
Aug.: Ptg., Prints., Sculp.

SALPETER (42 E. 57), Aug.: Closed

B. SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), to Aug.
24: Fact & Fantasy, '56; Aug. 27-
Sept. 15: Tapestry, Pottery Birds

SCHAEFFER (983 Park), Old Masters

SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), Aug.:
Mod. Fr. Ptg.

SCULPTURE CENTER (167 E. 69),
Aug.: Summer Series

SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), to Sept.:
Closed

STABLE (924 7th at 58), to Sept.:
Closed

SUDAMERICANA (866 Lex. at 65),
Aug.: Closed

TANAGER (90 E. 10), to Oct.: Closed

THEATRE EAST (211 E. 60), Aug. 1-
31: 10 Painters

THE CONTEMPORARIES (992 Mad.
at 77), Summer: Mod. Amer. Prize-
winners; Mod. Fr. Masters

TOZZI (32 E. 57), Mod. & Ren. Art

VAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD (21 E. 57),
to Sept. 17: Closed

VILLAGE ART CTR. (39 Grove), Aug.:
Members Annual

VIVIANO (42 E. 57), to Sept.:
Closed

WALKER (117 E. 57), to Sept.:
Closed

WELLONS (17 E. 64), Aug. 6-18: G.
Havergritz; Aug. 20-31: Scpt.

Sketch Bk. V. Glinsky

WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), to Sept. 3:
Closed

WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), Aug.:
Cont. Fr.; Master Drwgs.

WILLARD (23 W. 56), to Sept.:
Closed

WHITE (42 E. 57), to Sept.: Closed

WITTENBORN (23 W. 56), Aug. 2-
21: Miro, Braque Posters; Aug. 21-
Sept. 10: G. Hanegger Color
Lithos

ZABRISKIE (835 Mad. at 69), to
Sept.: Closed

NORTHPORT, N. Y.

COUNTRY LIFE ART CTR., to Aug.
18: Cont. Fr.; Aug. 19-Sept. 7:
Show of Shows

OGUNQUIT, MAINE

MUSEUM, to Sept. 10: Ceramics, C.
Walters; Ptg., G. Luks

PALM BEACH, FLA.

KAastra GALLERY, Cont. Ptg.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MACK & SONS, Aug.: Group Show

MUSEUM, Summer: New accessions,
Prints, Drwgs.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

BERKSHIRE MUS., to Aug. 26: The
Eye Listens

PORTLAND, ORE.

CERAMIC STUDIO, Aug. 15-31: E.
Norstad

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ART CLUB, Summer: Ptg., W'cols.

ROME, ITALY

GALLERIA SCHNEIDER, Cont. Italian

ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO

MUSEUM, Aug. 8-Sept. 7: Prints

ST. LOUIS, MO.

MUSEUM, Aug. 3-27: Artists' Guild
Show

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

DE YOUNG MUSEUM, From Aug. 14:
Ptg., Prints, J. Wayne; to Aug.
12: A. Wyeth; to Aug. 19: Argen-
tine Ptg.

S. F. MUSEUM, from July 17: Burch-
field

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

MUSEUM, to Aug. 26: R. Marsh Me-
morial; to Sept. 23: South Seas
Art

SEATTLE, WASH.

MUSEUM, Aug. 16-Sept. 14: Design
in Scandinavia

SELIGMAN, Cont. Amer. & European

FRYE MUSEUM, to Aug. 15: Crafts-
man Contest; Aug. 17-30: Frye
Group

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

ART CENTER, to Aug. 31: Tennessee
W'cols.

SOUTHAMPTON, L. I., N. Y.

PARRISH MUSEUM, Aug. 23-Sept. 7:
Annual Fine Arts Festival

TAOS, NEW MEXICO

GALLERIA ESCONDIDA, Aug. 12-25:
W. Lockwood; P. Barela

WAKEFIELD, R. I.

SPECTRUM GALLERY, Aug. 7-25: J.
Gregoropoulos, W. Meigs

WASHINGTON, D.C.

PHILLIPS GALLERY, Summer: Draw-
ings & Prints

WELLFLEET, MASS.

MAYO HILL, new gallery, Group Show

WOODSTOCK, N. Y.

ARTISTS ASSOC., to Aug. 9: Open
Show

One Man GALLERY, Summer: Meltsner

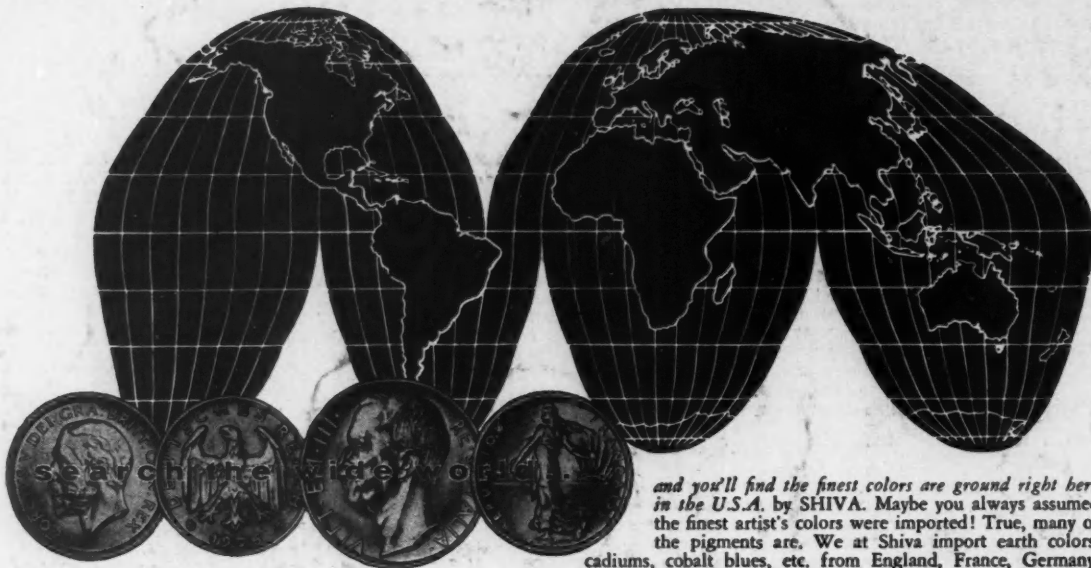
WORCESTER, MASS.

MUSEUM, to Sept.: African Art; Etch-
ings, Aquatints, 17th & 18th C.,
Perm. Collec.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

BUTLER ART INST., to Sept. 3: Mid-
year Annual

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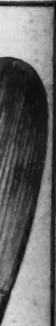
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